THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ENDEAVOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

The world is wide, and its want is wider,
No least endeavor shall fruitless be;
Though the sky is full of the moon's full glory,
Each small star shines from sea to sea!

II.

The world is wide, and the work is waiting,
We can only call one day our own;
O, slumber not, for the day is breaking,
For the loss of an hour you can ne'er atone!

III.

The world is wide, and the violet groweth
Side by side with the royal rose;
One filleth the air with her subtle fragrance,
In silence and sunshine the other grows:

IV.

Yet who shall tell—what the angels know not—
Which of the two shall fairer be,
When the flowers are gathered from earthly gardens,
To bloom in the light of Eternity!

V.

The world is wide, and the people in it,
Each have a work to find and do;
The sunshine dieth, the dark night flieth,
Haste while the daylight waits for you!

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVED, NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

Dora did not show herself again until the day was over, and night had drawn its sable curtains over earth.

Then, having heard Victor's step in the hall, she opened her own door and went out.

The step descended the stairs—slowly and heavily—as if all its old buoyancy was gone forever. It crossed the lower passage and entered the music-room.

Dora noticed how that tread had changed in the last twenty-four hours, and a swift pang shot through her heart. She paused on the upper landing, wholly unable for some minutes to advance a single step farther.

At last, conquering the weakness that had beset her, she, too, slowly made her way to the music-room.

Victor stood by the piano when she opened the door, listlessly running his fingers over the keys. She endured another pang, seeing him standing there, for they had sung duets and passed many a happy hour on that very spot.

He heard her step, and looked up. A light went over his face like a flash. He came impetuously forward, holding out both his hands.

She did not take them. Nor did she speak at once. She could not. Sobs rose in her throat so thickly as to choke her.

He still kept his hands extended. "Will you not take them, Dora?" he said, at last.

"I cannot."

The answer came in a hoarse whisper. But his arms fell to his side as suddenly as if they had been paralyzed. A groan broke from him.

"You are implacable."

"No," she answered, "I only mean to be just. When I know there is no stain on those hands, I will gladly take them."

"It is very hard, Dora, that you will not believe my word."

She shuddered, and looked away from him. For some minutes she feared that her emotions would master her. She could scarcely resist the impulse to throw her arms round his neck, and weep out all her misery on his shoulder.

But she did resist it. Nerving herself to the effort with a power of will truly remarkable in so slight a creature, she said:—

"I had only a word for your ear when I came into this room. For pity's sake let me speak it, and then I will be gone."

He folded his hands over his breast with the air of a martyr. "I am listening, Dora."

"It is this: I have determined to suspend judgment, for the present, on what has happened. You may be less guilty than I have been led to think, and I would be unjust to nobody."

"Dora, I am innocent."

"Hush," she said, sternly. "Prove yourself innocent, and then come and tell me. Until then I decline to hold any communication whatever with you, save only such as is necessary to shield you from being suspected by others."

"Have you no other word for me?"

"None. I think you now understand our relative positions?"

"Yes," he answered, bitterly. "Dora Desmond loved me and was true to me so long as all went well, and there were blue skies over my head. But, when disgrace threatened, she turned her back on me; or rather, thought to hold her love in abeyance until such a time as would tell whether it would be reputable to love me."

Dora could see his face plainly in the lamp-light. It was white with pain and bitterness.

"Don't speak like that—don't look like that," she cried, flinging up her hands, "or you will drive me mad."

She tottered, and seemed ready to fall. Half-involuntarily he sprung to her side and put out his arms to support her. She pushed him violently away and staggered from the room.

He did not follow her out. She stood in the passage, blinded and half-stunned. She felt as if she were leaving the presence of a martyr rather than a culprit.

SHE THREW HERSELF ON THE WET GRASS AT VINCENT'S FEET.

Suddenly a hand touched her arm. Looking up through the hot tears that nearly blinded her eyes, she recognized Vincent Raynham standing by her side.

His handsome face was slightly flushed. A strange light burned and glowed in his clear brown eyes. She had never seen him look half so much like a hero, a Greek god, as he did at that moment.

Strange that she should be conscious of this, in spite of her misery!

"Dora, what is the matter?" he asked, in a distressed voice. "What is the meaning of this excessive agitation?"

She made no answer, but violently pointed to the door of the music-room.

"Who is in there?—my mother?"

"No."

"Victor?"

She nodded.

"I'm afraid you have been quarrelling with him."

"No, we have not quarrelled."

"What then? You would not look like that unless there was trouble of some kind between you."

His voice quivered. She thought there was genuine sympathy in its tones, and again the fictitious strength, which had thus far kept her up, nearly gave way.

"Oh, Vincent," she cried, sharply, "I am a miserable woman."

"Miserable?" he echoed. "Ah, I see how it is. Your trouble all comes through that cursed money. Why was it ever brought to this house? Why was it ever suffered to remain a single moment under this roof! It has brought misery and disgrace to us all."

"Disgrace? Did you say disgrace?"

He dropped his head on his breast, and a groan burst from him.

"Don't mind my words, Dora," he exclaimed, almost wildly. "I'm not myself, to-night. My nerves must have been terribly shaken by what has occurred. Go away, dear friend. I am not strong enough to talk to you now."

"I will not go away until you have answered me one question," she cried, passionately, for Vincent's singular behavior had not been lost upon her. "Have you the slightest idea who took the money that is missing?"

"Tom Marvel, of course," he answered, evasively.

"You know better."

"Who else could have taken it?"

"That is the question I meant to put to you," she said, pale but firm.

"I cannot tell you."

"You mean that you will not."

He turned away, groaning audibly. The poor girl needed no further proof that Vincent shared her suspicion of his brother's guilt.

"God help us all," she cried, sharply.

There was a short silence. Then Vincent spoke, though he still kept his face turned away from her searching gaze.

"This trouble seems to have fallen hardest on Victor. He can scarcely bear up under it. Let me entreat you to be kind to him, Dora. Don't give a passing thought to maidenly reserve at such a time as this. Show him your whole heart, my dear friend. Let him see what a wealth of love is hidden away there, and all for himself. Cherish him, comfort him. He has need of all that you can do to cheer him."

A sudden crimson flamed into Dora's cheeks. "What," she cried, in accents of unbounded surprise, "can *you* plead for him?"

"I do plead for him."

"After—after—"

"After all that has happened? After knowing that he has won the love which might otherwise have been mine? Yes, yes, yes. Surely you cannot think so meanly of me as to believe I would turn against him because he has been favored before me?"

"Great heaven! I only wish he had as noble a soul as yours."

The words burst from her in the agony and shame of the moment. Vincent heard them, and swung suddenly on his heel. His strong chest heaved with emotion, his face glowed, his eyes were two flaming balls of light, burning their incense at the shrine of love and beauty.

"Dora," he murmured softly.

With that word—her name—he stopped short. He seemed to remember, all at once, his true position with this woman who was plighted to another man. The glow faded from his features, leaving them cold and stern to look upon. He flung out his hand with a repellant gesture.

"Forgive me," he said, "and—go! Go, before I forget myself again, and am a traitor to my brother. Go, if you have any mercy for a weakness I have not yet found the strength to conquer.

This sudden burst of passion frightened her. It proved conclusively enough that Vincent loved her as madly as ever. Heaving a long-drawn sigh, and trembling in every limb, she fled down the passage.

"Ah, me," she thought, "that I should only bring wretchedness and trouble to those who love me!"

CHAPTER X.

MILES RUGBY'S MESSENGER.

Two or three days went by, and nothing new in regard to the missing five thousand dollars came to light.

As Mr. Ketchem had predicted, suspicion turned strongly against Tom Marvel the moment his flight was generally known. Not one of his fellow-servants entertained a doubt of Tom's guilt.

As for the other persons composing that little household, whatever their individual opinions may have been, they said and did nothing to turn the current in a new direction for the public at large.

There was too much at stake for them to do that.

Mrs. Raynham seemed to live in an atmosphere of perpetual nervous excitement. She had never been herself since that visit of Miles Rugby to the house. And now, under the influence of this new trouble, she grew more haggard and worn and anxious-looking than ever.

She was louder and more violent than anybody else in accusing Tom of the theft. But, singularly enough, she would neither suffer outside aid to be called in, or any attempt made to trace the runaway servant to his retreat.

"I am content to lose the money," she would say, wearily. "So small a sum cannot impoverish me. Tom must be permitted to enjoy his ill gotten gains—if he can."

This sudden change in one who had been so demonstrative and determined at the beginning of the quest would have sorely puzzled a less shrewd observer than Mr. Ketchem. But the cunning lawyer thought he saw a reason for it all.

"Poor woman," he was heard to mutter more than once. "From the bottom of my heart I pity her."

He continued to remain at Roundwood, ostensibly to carry on the search for the missing money. "Of course some outsiders have heard of our loss," Mrs. Raynham had said to him. "They will think strange of it if we abandon the search too soon. Make a pretence of going on with it, but, in reality, do nothing."

"Very well, madam," the lawyer had replied.

At the same time, he had added, mentally:

"If you think I'm going to give up this little affair until I've delved to the very bottom of it you are much mistaken. I'm growing interested and curious. *I* don't know who stole the money if you do. It wasn't Tom—I'd stake my professional reputation on that; and I hardly think Victor is the thief. Who then? Ah, there's the rub! But I'll clear up this mystery, sooner or later, or write myself a born fool and an ass."

Having delivered himself, mentally, in this manner, Mr. Ketchem was prepared to watch and wait, with all the patience he could command, for affairs to develop themselves.

This they were destined to do very gradually.

Late in the afternoon of the third day a visitor made his appearance at Roundwood. Victor happened to be crossing the hall at the moment the bell was rung, and it was he who answered the summons.

A dark, handsome fellow, with a thin, tigerish face stood on the steps without.

"I wish to see Mr. Victor Raynham," he said, bowing politely.

"That is my name."

"Good," exclaimed the stranger. "And mine is Carl Muller."

"What is your business with me, Mr. Muller?" asked Victor, somewhat stiffly.

"I'm a sort of ambassador. He, he! I don't come on my own business at all, you understand, but in Miles Rugby's stead."

This was delivered in an impudent, leering tone of voice. Victor bit his lip. He longed to thrash the insolent fellow, but better counsels prevailed.

"I can guess the nature of your errand," he said, a trifle unsteadily. "Pardon me if I take you into the grounds while we converse. We will be much less liable to interruptions."

"Suit yourself, sir. All places are alike to me, so far as this business is concerned. The more private it is, though, the better *you'll* like it, I suppose."

Victor found that his quick temper was getting the better of him. He dared not trust himself to utter a single word in reply. He turned silently to take down his hat from the rack.

A terrible shock awaited him. There, not more than two yards away, stood Dora Desmond, her slight figure stretched to its utmost height, her eyes dilated, her beautiful face pale as ashes.

Beyond a doubt, she had caught every word that had passed between himself and Carl Muller.

Victor's agitation was scarcely less excessive than her own. He did not speak, or attempt to set himself right in the girl's estimation. But a look of blank despair overspread every feature.

Dora found voice after a moment of choking silence. "Coward and liar!" she said, spitefully, between her firm white teeth. "This man has come for the money you were to give Miles Rugby."

He made no denial—only stared at her with that expression of hopeless misery still upon his face.

"You have put him off until to-day," she went on, vindictively. "You dared not produce so large a sum of money sooner than this, lest it should be traced to you. You have kept it safely secreted since that fatal night. Oh, you coward and villain!"

The violence of her own emotions seemed to exhaust her. That wan face grew whiter and whiter, a mist came before her eyes, shutting out the stolid, miserable countenance of her lover, and she fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Victor staggered to the bell-rope and pulled it sharply. "Take Miss Desmond to my mother's room, and bring restoratives," he said to the servant who answered the summons.

Then he took Carl Muller's arm, and descended with uneven steps to the garden.

Dora's guess was a shrewd one. He *had* put off Miles Rugby until this day, and hoped to put him off longer yet.

The two young men struck into a secluded path, and walked on for some minutes, in utter silence. Mr. Muller seemed in no hurry to open the conversation, and Victor felt so sick and miserable after what had happened, that he was devoutly thankful for a brief respite in which to recover himself.

Carl Muller strode carelessly onward, whistling softly to himself, and every now and then stealing an askant look into his companion's face.

"Blest me," he muttered, at last; but that was a lovely girl who got up the affecting little scene up yonder. What was the matter?"

"She fainted," Victor answered, nerving himself to reply calmly to the insolent fellow's questioning.

"Indeed! she'll soon come out of it, I reckon, if it's only a fainting fit."

"I trust that she will."

Carl Muller received the haughty answer with a cool indifference perfectly characteristic of the man. "I say," he went on, impetuously, after a thoughtful silence, "you couldn't manage an introduction if I were to remain at Roundwood over night, could you?"

"No," said Victor, sharply, "I couldn't. If you please, sir, we'll come at once to the business that brought you here. Miles Rugby sent you?"

"Yes," was the sullen answer. "I have told you that already."

"He wants money?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Victor drew a deep breath. "Why did he not come, himself, for the money?"

Carl Muller's thin lips parted in a smile.

"To be frank, sir," he said, assuming a manner that was disagreeably familiar, "he thought it might not be exactly pleasant for you, after what happened on the occasion of his last visit."

"Did he make a confidant of *you*, in regard to that matter?" asked Victor, starting as if he had been struck.

"That is my secret."

It was folly to resent this insolence, and the wretched young man paid no attention to it whatever.

"Five thousand dollars is too considerable a sum to be entrusted to a third person," he said, after a moment's thinking. "I hope you will pardon my plain speaking, Mr. Muller, but I really cannot give you the money."

"You wish to put me off," cried the other, angrily, "and I will not be put off!"

"No, you mistake me. I am simply determined to give the money into no man's hand save Miles Rugby's."

"And it is not a *ruse* to occasion further delay?"

"It is nothing of the sort."

"That is well—for you," said Mr. Muller, with a disagreeable smile. "Miles is getting impatient, I can tell you. He wouldn't have put up with this way of doing business in another man. But, he would put up with anything, in you, you know; that is, so long as his patience lasted. But it's nearly worn out, now."

Victor winced.

"Give me his address, and I will go to him to-morrow."

Mr. Muller seemed loth to do this; but Victor would not yield the point, and so, at last, he wrote a few words on a blank leaf of his memorandum-book and gave it to the young man.

This most unsatisfactory interview did not last much longer. The two men were in the densest part of the shrubbery when they shook hands and parted.

Carl Muller did not retrace his steps in the direction of the house. Instead, he took a short cut across the grounds, hoping to reach the high-road with less difficulty, perhaps.

"That young jackanapes carries too high a head on his shoulders," he muttered, pausing in a grape-arbor to light a cigar. "Miles ought to take him down a peg. And he'll do it, too, if the lingo isn't forthcoming very soon."

Then, having relieved himself by shaking his clenched fist after Victor's retreating figure, he pursued his way, enveloped now, in a cloud of aromatic smoke.

Presently he crossed a stile. On the other side, the shrubbery opened out abruptly, and he found himself in plain sight of a charming cottage half buried in woodbine and wild roses.

Carl Muller knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, regarding the fairy-like dwelling with an appreciative eye, "if that isn't the nattiest little nest I've seen for many a long day! Whose is it, I wonder?"

He had scarcely said this when a suspicious rustling made itself audible behind a trellis to the right. The next instant a woman stepped into the path and confronted him.

She was young and elegant and beautiful, with a richly-tinged, Southern face, supple hands and feet, and shoulders that for alabaster whiteness would have rivalled the far-famed marble from the quarries of Carrara.

But Carl Muller gave no thought to her almost matchless loveliness, or rarer graces. He stared hard at her a minute, then took the cigar from between his lips, and gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

The lady, on her part, recoiled further and further from him, until she had assumed a crouching attitude, the rich color going out of her face until it was left of a deathly whiteness.

He was first to recover himself, perhaps because his emotion was less excessive than what was manifested by the lady.

"Is it possible that we have met at last, and *here*, my charming Honoria?" he said, glibly, and with a half-scornful smile.

CHAPTER XI.

A DESPERATE DEED.

That marvellously beautiful woman crouched before him like a guilty creature, gasping for breath; but she made no answer.

"Why don't you speak?" he cried, angrily. "Why don't you tell me you are glad to see me?"

"Because it would be a lie."

The words came clear and distinct enough now. She rose up proudly, and forced the color back to her lip and cheek. She was once more the regal looking woman Vincent Raynham and Dora had encountered on the lawn, rather more than a week previously. She was once more the haughty, self-possessed mistress of Lotus Lodge.

Carl Muller observed the change, and it did not please him. "Don't put on any of your high and-mighty airs with me," he snarled. "You ought to know me too well to do that."

The red ripe lip curled scornfully.

"Keep your temper, Carl," she said; "and tell me, if you can, why you have hunted me down like some wild beast."

"I did not hunt you down."

"Why, then, are you here?"

"It was all an accident—my stumbling on this place. You are the very last person I expected to find here."

She stared at him incredulously. "You cannot expect me to believe that, Carl."

"It is true, Honoria. I don't mean to say that I am not delighted with the happy chance that sent me in this direction. You have eluded me too long, my dear, not to give me opportunity to rejoice over this fortunate meeting."

She bit her lip, half-angrily.

"Then you thought it worth your while to search for me?" she said, after a brief silence.

"Of course I thought it worth my while. Wasn't I always fond of you, my beauty? Wasn't I always ready to share my last dollar with you, and then resort to begging or stealing, whichever game seemed to promise best at the time, for your sweet sake?"

"True, quite true,"

"Then don't throw a doubt on the sincerity of the search I instituted for you when you disappeared so suddenly from those rooms of yours, third-pair back, in Piccadilly Row."

"Hush!" cried Honoria, throwing a half-frightened glance around.

"Humph! Who's to see or hear us in this out-of-the-way spot? Let me go on with what I was saying. Let me tell you how disconsolate I felt when I really knew that you had given me the slip."

"No," she said; "leave my imagination to fill in the picture, and talk of something else."

"Just as you please," he returned, easily. "You always had a knack of getting your own way about everything, Honoria. I suppose I must yield to you now, just as I used to yield to you in those old days when we were hand and glove together."

She did not reply at once. A dark, ominous light brooded in the dusky splendor of her eyes. There was something in the keen but furtive gaze she fixed upon his face, every now and then, that would have made him uneasy, had he been observing her closely enough to see it.

"What brought you here?" she asked, at last.

"I had business at Roundwood."

"At Roundwood?" She gave a perceptible start. "You are dealing frankly with me, Carl? You are not here solely to hunt me down?"

"I have assured you, already, that this meeting is as great a surprise to me as to you. I had not received the least intimation that you were in the neighborhood."

"I am bound to believe you."

"Of course you are."

"But," she resumed, nervously, "I was not aware that you knew the Raynhams of Roundwood."

"Nor did I before to-day. If you must know the whole story, my dear, I came in another man's stead to transact *his* business—"

"In whose stead?" she said, absently, as if her thoughts were far away.

"One Miles Rugby sent me here."

"Miles Rugby?"

The exclamation burst from her involuntarily. Her breath came and went between close-set teeth. For one instant she glared at the man before her as if she longed for strength to tear him limb from limb. A terrible fear showed itself in her ghastly face and dilating eyes.

"Yes," he answered. "What ails you, my dear?"

He had observed her emotion, but was not shrewd or far-sighted enough to suspect what a dangerous creature he had made of her all at once.

"Fool!" she hissed once under her breath. "If he has come here to baffle and disgrace me at this stage of the desperate game I am playing, it were a thousand times better for him if he had never been born."

"What are you saying?" muttered Carl Muller, impatiently.

"Nothing."

"What ails you? What has come over you all of a sudden?"

"Nothing," she answered again.

He looked at her suspiciously now. "It

can't be possible that you know this Miles Rugby of whom I spoke?"

She did not reply directly, but returned his glance with one that seemed to probe deep into the inmost recesses of his heart. At last she drew a deep breath of relief.

"No, I am not acquainted with this Miles Rugby," she answered.

"Bah! you were always a strange creature, Honoria. I have often been driven to my wit's end to comprehend you."

"That is not strange."

The lurking sarcasm of her reply seemed wholly lost on Carl. He stood absently grinding a hole in the gravel with his bootheel. His brow was knitted in perplexed thought.

"Tell me where you are staying," he said, abruptly.

"I have rented Lotus Lodge for the summer."

"*You!*" He laughed in a half mocking sort of manner. "Really, you must be in luck, Honoria. In the days of the third pair back, it was very rarely, you know, that we had a five-dollar note between us."

"The memory of that time is hateful to me," she cried, passionately. "I will not hear it brought up, even by you. It is a dead and buried past that can never have a resurrection."

"Good. We will not quarrel on that score. I am no more anxious to dwell upon it than you are. But I *would* like to know the secret of your present prosperity."

"That's no affair of yours," she said, sharply.

Carl Muller once again indulged in one of his sinister laughs.

"Isn't it? We may not be quite agreed in regard to that matter. But I shall not question you too closely in regard to it, if I see you are inclined to be generous with me."

Her whole face darkened so perceptibly, at this, that she was compelled to turn it away.

"I suppose that is Lotus Lodge right before us," her companion resumed, in an easy, indolent drawl. "I must really compliment your taste, my love. It's a charming little dove-cote, and no mistake. Suppose you take me in, and play the hospitable hostess for varieties' sake? I'll be bound you are not burdened with visitors."

"I would rather not go in just yet," said Honoria, in a singularly calm, cold tone of voice. "My head aches, and I wish to enjoy the fresh air as long as possible. It will soon be sunset. Let us walk about until dusk, and then seek the house."

"Oh, ho!" sneered Carl. "You don't like the idea of introducing me to your servants. I see through your little scheme with perfect ease."

"No, it is not that," she returned, earnestly. "There's nobody in the house save old Jenny, and I am not afraid of her. The fact is I want a long talk with you, and one always feels so much more at ease in the open air."

"That is true."

"Will you not give me your arm, Carl?"

This was said with such winning sweetness and frankness that the poor fellow had no power to resist her. Fortunately—for her—he could not read the thoughts that were coursing madly through her brain just then.

"With all my heart," he exclaimed, cheerfully. "This seems like the old time when we were sweet on each other, Honoria," he added, as they strolled onward, arm in arm; "you are just as charmingly irresistible as you were then, and ten times handsomer."

"You should know better than to waste your breath in flattering me, Carl."

"By Jove, how is one to help flattering you? It comes as natural as it does to take cream and sugar in one's coffee. And I believe you like it, too."

She did not reply to this, but let him run on in the same sentimental strain until he had exhausted his vocabulary of tender speeches.

By this time they had reached a sort of rocky promontory that jutted out over the river, at least fifty feet above the surface of the water. Honoria had led the way, and Carl Muller had walked on by her side, wholly unconscious whither their steps were tending.

But, on the dizzy verge of this precipice the desperate woman paused, and for the first time since their walk began, looked her companion fully and steadily in the face.

"I have let you do all the talking, Carl," she said, very quietly. "But now I am tired of playing the taciturn listener."

"You want to put in a word for yourself, eh?" and he laughed, carelessly. "Very well; I will try to keep my tongue quiet until you give me liberty to speak again."

"I don't wish you to keep your tongue quiet, but to answer a very few simple questions."

"Let me hear them, then."

"In the first place, I wish to know whether you mentioned my name to the Raynhams in any connection whatever?"

"No," he answered. "I had no occasion to do that."

The reply seemed to please her, for a dying gleam of sunlight that flickered over her face for a single instant found a look of wicked triumph there.

"Now that you have found me out, Carl," she went on, "what do you intend doing?"

He laughed low and mockingly. "What shall I do? Why, I shall take precious good care that you do not elude me a second time."

"Surely," she gasped, "you cannot be so fond of me as that."

"Yes, I am just as fond of you as that!"

"I don't believe it," she cried out, passionately. "You do not care a rush for me, and never did. You have only come here to ruin me—to take away my last chance of leading an honest, respectable life."

"Humph, you are hard on a poor fellow, Honoria. I don't care how respectably you live—the more so the better. But when it comes to shutting *me* out of your respectability, I'm inclined to feel a little resentful. It's too late in the day for you and I to go back on each other now."

She clasped her hands, her face showing livid and ghastly in the lurid western glow.

"Have you no mercy," she cried piteously. "I entreat you to go away and leave me to follow my own path for the remainder of my life. Let what will come, I promise never to trouble you. All I ask is to be let alone, and that you will go away where I shall never see you or hear of you again. For the love of heaven, hear me!"

He turned upon her, at these words, with all the venomous fury of a madman. "Is that your game?" he shouted, his face black with passion. "No, I won't go away; I won't leave you to revel in silks and laces while I flaunt my rags in some obscure den! Now you have my answer!"

He was standing between her and the verge of the precipice at that instant. Honoria saw and realized the danger of his position, though he did not. She drew a deep, gasping breath, then thrust out both her white, quivering hands against his shoulder, and pushed with all her might.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

There was a muttered curse, a desperate scrambling, as of some one trying to regain lost footing, a prolonged shriek of agony and sullen splash that sounded miles and miles away.

Then—silence!

Honoria Peyton stood for some seconds with her feet glued to the spot. She hid her face in her dress, as if to shut out some awful sight. She felt all the agony that one must endure who knows he is surely going mad.

At last her powers of locomotion returned. She fled, shrieking, from the precipice. Not far, however. At the distance of two or three hundred yards her strength failed her again, and she sat down on the grass as weak and helpless as a little child.

She felt stunned, bewildered. And yet a vague consciousness of her surroundings remained. She could hear the sullen murmurs of the river, the lazy drone of insects, and knew the sun was down, and the shades of twilight were deepening their purplish gloom around her. She was dimly conscious of her own misery, and that something awful had occurred.

Her consciousness of external things was of that painful kind which one sometimes experiences during a wretched, waking dream.

At last footsteps approached, and a hand dropped heavily on her arm.

"Get up!" said a voice.

She knew that voice, and it would almost have roused her had she been sleeping the long sleep of death. She rose to her feet, shaking and trembling as in an ague fit.

"Lost, lost!" she wailed.

The man made no answer, but stood with his arms folded over his breast, peering at her through the purple gloom.

His silence angered her at last. She thrust out both her hands, and caught one of his.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she cried.

Still that same awful silence. She shook him fiercely. "Oh, my God! Have we met at last, and thus, Vincent Raynham?"

"Yes, we have met."

The answer came in a cold, composed tone of voice that angered her more than his previous silence had done.

"You villain," she cried, "how can you speak in that calm way when I have waited so long, so very long for this meeting?"

"Did you wish very much to see me?"

"Yes, I wished to see you."

"You came to Lotus Lodge and took up your abode there for no other purpose, I suppose?"

"You have guessed shrewdly."

"I suspected your object when I saw you on the lawn the other day."

"You did?" she cried, bitterly. "And yet you suffered me to pass without making the slightest show of recognition. But I was quite as proud, and quite as composed as you were."

Vincent averted his face and sighed heavily, as if the subject wearied him.

"Miss Desmond was with me," he said, after a pause. "I could not claim you for a friend. She would have been surprised and a little shocked, no doubt."

"Bah!"

"I could not have told her that you are my brother Victor's particular friend, and not mine."

She uttered a low exclamation of surprise.

"Your brother Victor's?"

"That's what I said. Hush! wait a minute before you say anything in reply. I wish to tell you in what manner I have spent the last hour or two."

"I am listening," she said, cowering a little, and shrinking away from him.

"I have been rambling about," he went on, in his frightfully calm manner—frightful, at least, to the shivering woman by his side.

"Yes, yes."

"In the first place I went stalking up and down the garden at Roundwood. But I could not remain content within those narrow bounds. Presently I thought of you, and how good you were not to molest Victor or trouble me in any manner, though you had been in our immediate vicinity for days. Since you had not sought us, I felt it my duty under the circumstances to seek you."

"I do not wonder," she said, bitterly.

"Hush! Hear me out, if you please. I instantly set out for Lotus Lodge. I crossed the stile which separates our grounds, and was pushing on toward the house when I suddenly heard the sound of voices."

Honoria caught her breath sharply. "What else did you hear?" she gasped.

"You might better ask me what I saw. Let me tell you. I saw you, Honoria Peyton as you choose to call yourself, conversing with Carl Muller."

The guilty woman started as if she had received a blow. "Oh, my God!" she moaned.

"Shall I go on and tell you what else I saw, and how I followed you to this spot, and beyond it?" resumed the pitiless voice.

"No, no, no!"

"Then I will not. I will leave your fertile imagination to fill in the blank."

Her anguish was terrible to witness. All her pride and strength and haughtiness seemed to have deserted her. She moaned, and wrung her hands, and wept, and finally threw herself on the wet grass at Vincent's feet.

"Mercy, mercy!" she pleaded. "Oh tell me that you will not proclaim my guilt and misery to the world?"

"It will depend upon your own course of action whether I do or not."

"Upon *my* course of action?"

"Yes—whether you are willing to be guided by my wishes or not."

She sprang up at those words, defiant and resolute, with her dishevelled, blue black hair dashed away from her beautiful face.

"You dare not expose me!" she shrieked.

"You dare not!"

"Do not be too sure of that."

His perfect composure had the effect of calming her at last. She was silent for some minutes, and seemed to be trying to study the expression of his face in the darkness. But she soon desisted from this vain task, and heaved a long-drawn sigh.

"It is useless to measure weapons with you, Vincent Raynham. I am sure to be worsted and defeated."

"You are."

"Tell me what you want of me, and it shall be done."

"The task I would assign you is not so very difficult. Come, let us sit down on this mound, and I will tell you all about it."

"No, no," she cried, shivering convulsively. "My brain is hot as fire, and I feel like a mad woman. Besides I could neither talk nor listen much longer so near the spot where he—"

She stopped abruptly. She could not finish the sentence. But there was no need; Vincent understood her as it was.

"Very well," he said. "We will walk back in the direction of Lotus Lodge."

She took his arm, and clung to it desperately. Not another word was spoken, while they picked their way slowly through the shrubbery, which was full of brooding shadows now; but Honoria would turn her head every now and then and look back over her shoulder as if she caught the echo of ghostly footsteps behind them. Then she would shrink more and closer to her companion's side.

At last they reached the garden gate, and passed there within half a dozen rods of the cottage door.

"I shall go no further," said Vincent. "The words we have still to say to each other must be spoken here."

"Yes, they must be spoken here."

"What I have to say relates to a certain paper you have in your possession."

"A paper?" she echoed, wonderingly.

"Yes; a paper that concerns yourself and my brother Victor."

For a minute no sound could be heard save her rapid breathings. She stood like a statue, with both hand pressed to her brow. At last a single cry burst from her lips.

"Ah!" she said, "I think I understand."

"It is time you did."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Westport dog attacked a circus elephant in the street the other day. An eye witness says that the dog in about one minute was spread out over several yards of ground about the thickness of sheet iron.

TRIED BY FIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

I was nervous and discontented that night. My husband had scarcely looked up from his writing for the last two hours, and was so absorbed that he had apparently forgotten my very existence. There wasn't any one else to talk to except the pictures on the walls, even the cat had gone into the kitchen, and I found it dull and lonesome enough. I tried tatting, crocheting and reading, but all to no purpose; the demon that possessed me would not be exorcised.

My life at Aunt Amy's had been so different. There everything was bright and cheerful, with plenty of talk and laughter and gayety, and the little house was never so full that it couldn't accommodate one more guest. Aunt Amy, the only mother I had ever known, was a dear, bustling little body, brimful of kindness and hospitality, and it was seldom that she wore a sour look. Toward me, her orphan niece, she was particularly gentle and forbearing, for, with the exception of herself and children, I had no living kindred, at least, so far as I knew. A half brother of mine had left home when I was a child on account of some domestic difficulty, and had never been heard from since, and whether he was among the living or dead we could not tell.

Aunt Amy was the good genius of my life, and looking back now I am afraid that she and her big boys spoilt me a little, for I was the only daughter of the house, and there was no one to dispute my sway. Never had queen a happier girlhood, or more obedient subjects than mine. I remember how surprised and shocked they all were when Aunt Amy disclosed the fact that Robert Allan had asked me to be his wife.

"Why, he wears spectacles, and is as gray as a rat," said Jimmy, indignantly (Jimmy was the youngest, and my favorite cousin). "And to think that he has the impudence to come and court Lucy, when I've been intending all the while to marry her myself. I won't put up with it, that I won't. Let him go and propose to that jolly little widow, Mrs. Ketchum, or anybody else he wants to; but if he is seen around our house again it will be the worse for him, that is all."

"Indeed it will, and no mistake," said Hugh, the eldest (he was twenty, and two years my senior). "Lucy is hardly out of pantalettes yet, and oughtn't to think of marrying these ten years. A pretty wife she'd make that old curmudgeon."

"Too pretty, by far," answered Joe, another cousin, who stood biting his nails, a habit he had when vexed. "If she can't find a husband younger and better looking than he is she might as well stay single. But what do you think, mother?"

"Lucy is old enough to decide for herself," said Aunt Amy, smiling, "and has already done so, subject, of course, to my advice and approval. Mr. Allan is a man of worth and integrity, and there is no greater disparity of ages between him and Lucy than there was between your father and myself. He is only thirty-five, but his gray hairs and near-sightedness make him look much older."

"Has Lucy said yes?" chorused the three together.

Aunt Amy nodded her head in assent. There was a general groan of disapproval, and it was several days before my friendly advances met with any response from either of the boys. Aunt Amy expostulated with me afterward.

"I am afraid, dear, that Mr. Allan is not the kind of man you ought to marry," said she, gently. "There is a greater contrast than you think between his nature and yours; one gloomy and taciturn, the other genial and sunny. Can you bridge over the chasm that divides you and be happy as his wife? That is the question. In the new life you are to enter upon together he will look to you for comfort and sympathy, you to him for amusement and companionship; will these always be found of the kind and degree desired? He is neither impulsive nor demonstrative; you are both, and so sensitive that a word or look will sometimes give you the heartache. Oh, Lucy, think of it well before you take this man as your husband. He is older, graver and wiser than yourself, and only 'love that exceedeth all things' can sanctify the union."

"But if he was not different from all, I shouldn't like him," returned I. "That is the reason we are so fond of each other. I'm his little sunbeam, at least that is what he says, and I return the compliment by calling him an 'old ogre.' Why, you don't know anything about it, Auntie, we are exactly suited to each other, and if we hadn't happened to meet, should have been miserable all our lives."

I remembered all this to-night with a pang. And in spite of my longing to see Aunt Amy, I fairly dreaded her promised visit, fearing that she would discover the secret I strove so hard to conceal. For I was not happy as the wife of Robert Allan. Not that I loved him any less than in those halcyon courtship days when I spoke so hopefully of the future; he was even dearer to me now than then, but there was a gravity and reserve in his demeanor that somehow interposed a barrier between us, and seemed to drive us farther apart daily. I fancied that he was tired of his girl-wife, and found her less of a companion than he anticipated, for I was only too conscious of my own ignorance and his superior knowledge. I could have improved myself, and "reached upward to his level," but he smiled good-naturedly when I told him so, and hinted that his favorite pursuits were not such as woman usually find interesting. Mechanics, engineering, and similar studies were those in which he took chief delight, and I have seen him show such excitement and enthusiasm over a little inanimate piece of machinery as fairly made me jealous.

He owned a large iron foundry just within sight of the house where we lived, and it was there that he spent most of his time when away from me. I could see it in the moonlight behind yonder trees, looming up black and solemn, and I don't know why, but a shiver of dread and apprehension for which I could not account, came over me at the sight.

My husband looked up suddenly, and discovered me at the window. "What, Lucy, not gone to bed yet?" and he drew out his watch. "You ought to have been asleep an hour ago."

He treated me like a child. I felt the hot blood leap up into my forehead, but said nothing. Neither did I stir, and after a swift scrutiny of my face he resumed his writing.

Half an hour afterward he laid down his pen, and turned to me again. "Lucy, my dear, pardon me for saying it, but I would like to be alone. I have an intricate task before me, and much depends on its being finished to-night. Your presence disturbs me, how or why I cannot tell, but there is something that comes between me and the paper, and distracts my attention. Please don't be offended, will you?"

But I was, though too proud to own it, and when he came over to where I stood, and put his arm around me caressingly—a rare action on his part—I shook it off, in spite of the secret surprise and pleasure I felt, and hurried out of the room without a word or look in reply.

Up to my chamber I fled, and seating myself by the open window—I had no intention of going to bed—wondered why I had been treated so unceremoniously. For it had never happened before; however much absorbed my husband was with his books or studies, he had seemed rather glad of my presence than otherwise, and there was either something peculiar in his work to-night, or he wanted to get rid of me for other reasons.

I doubted his motives. Three days before he had received a letter in a strange, cramped handwriting. I noticed the envelope as it lay on the table, and had trembled and turned pale as he hurriedly scanned its contents. I was watching him closely, and saw him look toward me with sudden fright and apprehension when I inquired with pretended indifference, "who it was from." He did not tell me, nor give any explanation whatever of his singular conduct.

This was not all. Last night just as the clock was striking twelve, I wakened suddenly, and from some impulse hard to define, jumped up and went to the window. Two men were talking together in the shrubbery, and thinking they were burglars, I was about to give the alarm, when I recognized one of them as my husband. The other was a villainous-looking character, wearing a cloak and slouched hat. I couldn't distinguish a word of what either said, but judged that the subject of conversation wasn't a pleasant one from their threatening looks and gestures. It was one o'clock before they parted, and I noticed that my husband's step was slow and heavy when he came toward the house. The strangeness of the occurrence kept me awake a long time, and I wondered and wondered what could have been the business that was transacted between these two at such a mysterious hour, and in such a mysterious way.

And now to-night there was to be another interview, I felt confident. It was for this that my husband hurried me off to-bed, and showed such eagerness to be alone; and it was for this that I resolved to watch and wait.

The more I thought of it, the more I was puzzled in trying to solve the question as to who the man could have been, and for what purpose he sought my husband. Robert Allan's integrity had never been questioned; and yet there was something strange and suspicious in the way he was acting now. I knew not what to make of it; and I almost wished that I could blot out from my memory the remembrance, both of the letter and the midnight meeting, for somehow I associated the two together. It isn't pleasant to distrust one's husband, or any one else that we love.

One little ray of hope cheered my perplexity. It might be some one from the foundry who had invented a new piece of machinery, and wanted to introduce it secretly, and in any such enterprise my husband would have been sure to lend a helping hand. But this didn't look as reasonable as I tried to make it. For there were plenty of opportunities in the daytime when a plan like this could have been matured. Nor did it account for the agitation my husband had shown—agitation that was plainly of an unpleasant, instead of a pleasant character. And for more than a week past he had worn a moody, troubled look, and been unusually silent. I was too proud to ask any questions; but oh! how I longed to comfort him, and take the wife's true place at his side. I was hurt that he should hide from me even the most trivial secret, and here was something that perhaps I ought to know, carefully concealed.

I felt justified, therefore, in the course I pursued. Under other circumstances I might have thought it mean and unwomanly to watch my husband, but the mystery that invested this affair drew me forward almost in spite of my will, and at the same time filled me with dread and terror.

So I waited silently behind the curtains, and a little past midnight my vigil was rewarded. Noiselessly my husband stole from the house, and was joined outside by the same man whom I had seen on the previous night. He looked even more like a ruffian than before. Their talk was carried on in low voices, but every now and then I caught a few words.

My husband seemed to be urging the man to keep some promise he had made, of what nature I could not discover, but I heard him say gruffly—

"I'll do it; but let's see the money first."

And then, was it possible? A large roll of greenbacks was slipped into his hand, and he counted them, chuckling.

"It's not enough," said he, angrily. "I'm not to be bought so cheap as that. Come, hand over some more, or I'll call on your lady-wife in the morning, and tell her a certain little secret you wouldn't like her to know."

"Never!" said my husband, firmly. "I would shoot you in a minute, if you did."

The man swore a fearful oath, and my husband looking up at the house as if fearful of discovery, dragged him farther along out of hearing. But I saw them point to the foundry once or twice, as if that had something to do with the matter they were discussing—and I was nearly paralyzed with horror, when, just as they were separating, the man drew a rope out of his pocket and made a feint of hanging himself. My husband turned away with a gesture that seemed like disdain, and left him standing there. He gesticulated wildly a minute or two, and then disappeared.

Cold and trembling, I hurried into bed, ashamed that I had acted the part of a spy, and fearful that my husband would find it out. But when a little later he came into the room, he was apparently so tired and worn out, that, kissing me softly on the forehead, he at once fell asleep. Whatever were the secret relations that existed between him and his midnight visitor, they were not of such a nature as to keep him awake.

I pondered over what I had seen and heard, and puzzled my brain with conjecture after conjecture as to what it might mean, until I, too, overcome by fatigue and weariness, lost consciousness. How long I slept I know not, but a confused cry of "Fire! Fire!" was sounding in my ears when I awoke. Whether it was a dream or reality I could not make out at first—but again and again it came, louder and shriller, "Fire! Fire!" and there was the heavy tramp of feet outside, and a continuous pounding at doors and windows, and, yes, a belt of lurid light shot into the room.

I jumped out of bed, and rushed to the window—and oh, merciful God! what did I see? The foundry was one mass of glowing, seething, crackling flames.

Faint and dizzy, I turned toward the bed, where, in spite of the noise and confusion, my husband still slept. Oh! the terrible suspicion that was born of that moment. The foundry was insured; could it, could it be the man I had seen was the incendiary? Was it for this my husband had given him money, and he had tried to extort more? I remembered his words, and the terrible pantomime through which he had gone, and my heart sank in my bosom. Had he pictured the risk he ran as a convincing proof that it ought to be better paid? I attempted to strangle these unworthy doubts, but they persisted in rising up before me, one after another, like horrible spectres.

Paralyzed with fear I stood in the middle of the room, and brighter shone the flames, and louder rose the voices outside. Waking, my husband saw me thus. He understood it all in a moment.

"Oh, my God, the foundry is on fire!" and a groan of horror burst from his lips, and his face grew pale as ashes. Hurrying on his clothes, I heard him mutter to himself, "The wretch has kept his word."

I could not shed a tear, nor speak a word of comfort.

"Poor little Lucy!" said he tenderly, thinking my silence the result of fright.

"Mr. Allan! Mr. Allan!" shouted voices from below.

"Yes, yes, in a minute," he replied, "Will you go down too, Lucy?"

I shook my head.

"Then I'll send Norah up to stay with you."

She came, wringing her hands, and full of voluble Irish sympathy. I sat and listened for over two hours in apathetic indifference. These words aroused me at last:

"And they do say, Miss Lucy, that it was set on fire, for all at once the flames burst out in ever so many places, and there's been a strange man seen prowling around the yard for several days past."

It seemed as if I could hear my heart beat. "Did they tell you how he looked?" and I strove to speak composedly.

"Oh, yes," and then came a description that corresponded exactly with that of the man I suspected.

"But what could have been his object?" queried I, finding a strange fascination in the subject.

"Don't know, suppose he had a grudge against master."

"What are you talking about, Norah?" said my husband, sternly. He had entered the room unobserved.

She hesitated, stammered, and finally told the truth. I saw his lips quiver with a spasm of pain, and a dark frown settle on his forehead. But I didn't more than half understand the pitying, deprecating look he turned toward me.

"Say nothing more of this," commanded he. "It is all a mistake. The fire caught accidentally, it was not the work of an incendiary."

"Oh, sir, but you don't know that, and the men all say—"

"Never mind what the men say, but go to bed, Norah."

"Go to bed!" exclaimed she, indignantly, "why, it is nearly morning."

"Well, then, do as you like. Only be careful of one thing. Don't let me hear of your spreading any such absurd report as that the foundry was set on fire."

His eyes flashed ominously. So did hers.

"I'd give you notice, sir, this minute if it wasn't for mistress," and she flounced out of the room with more haste than dignity.

My husband smiled, and then taking my hand, said sadly, "Oh! Lucy, pity me. It is such a blow. The work of years destroyed in a night. Yonder is all that is left of my foundry."

I looked in the direction he pointed. A dense column of smoke rose from the charred ruins. Every now and then a tongue of flame leapt out. But the fire had done its work; its glow and sparkle, and splendor had vanished.

"Was nothing saved?" I asked the question without looking in his face.

"Nothing," he repeated, bitterly. "I can say to you what I would not admit to Norah. There is reason to think it was set on fire. It caught in several places at the same time apparently."

"But who, who could have done it?" faltered I.

He did not answer, and looking up in his face, I saw it redden beneath my gaze. Was it the flush of conscious guilt?

There was a long silence, broken at length by the sound of his voice. It was strange and unnatural. "I have suffered a grievous wrong," said he, "but can do nothing. There are secret reasons why I do not wish this affair investigated by the law. The mischief is wrought; the discovery of the criminal cannot restore my foundry."

"But he ought not to go unpunished," replied I, indignantly.

"Let him settle that with his conscience. Believe me, Lucy, I am the best judge of this matter."

"And have you no fear that your motives will be questioned? Does not your insurance nearly cover your loss?"

He looked at me curiously. "Why, no, not exactly," and he hesitated. "But these are strange questions for you to ask. What put them into your head?"

His voice was so kind and tender, and my heart ached so beneath its burden of doubt and distrust that I should have told him everything I knew and suspected, if it hadn't been for Norah who just then opened the door.

"There was a man here just now who left this for you, sir," said she, smiling, and holding out a letter, her short-lived anger all gone.

My husband took it, tore open the envelope, and having read the slip of paper it contained, rushed out of the room like a madman. The envelope he kept, the enclosure he dropped accidentally and without perceiving the loss, I picked it up after he had gone.

Nora stood with her arms a-kimbo, and her eyes wide open, staring with all her might. I dismissed her curtly. She tossed her head, but went nevertheless, muttering over something to herself about the "strange doings going on in the house," and that "she didn't believe everything was all right." Neither did I.

Trembling all over, I took the paper to the light. The following words were scrawled upon it in the same cramped handwriting I had seen before. "I have done as I said I would. It was my hand that set fire to the foundry. Are you satisfied now that I keep my word? Your secret is safe only so long as mine is. Be careful then what measures you take."

Here was a fearful proof that my husband had been implicated in the crime of this man. I examined the writing, word by word, then held it up in the flame of the gas until it shriveled to ashes. Who could tell what might happen? Better that this evidence of guilt were destroyed.

It was noon before my husband returned. He looked jaded and worn.

"Pardon me, Lucy, for leaving you so abruptly," said he, "but I couldn't help myself. Important business claimed my attention."

He hadn't missed the letter, I was sure of that.

"Have you been over to the ruins yet?" continued he. "It is a sad sight. There is nothing left of the foundry but a few charred and blackened timbers. The poor workmen feel the loss almost as much as I do."

"More, perhaps." The words leapt out in spite of myself.

"Impossible. Oh, Lucy, if you only knew all."

I fancied that I did; it was a knowledge from which I sought to escape.

"Do you still think it was set on fire?" I tried to ask the question unconcernedly.

"It is hard to tell," was his guarded answer. "That was the general opinion at first; people seem to think differently now. It might have caught accidentally."

"But you know in your heart that it did not," said I, emphatically.

He seemed surprised. "Why, Lucy, one would almost think, to hear you talk, that I had something to do with it."

"You had!" was the accusation that sprang to my lips. But I kept it back, and he went on, "That is not what you mean, of course. You referred to what I said this morning. Try to forget it; I shall."

"As you please," returned I. My voice sounded hard and cold, and he looked at me even more attentively than before.

"I have already seen an architect," said he, "and shall commence re-building the foundry at once. That the new one will be superior to the old, I've no doubt, and yet it will never seem the same to me, for my heart was so bound up in that foundry, and the machinery it contained, that I feel almost as if I had lost a living friend. It isn't the destruction of the property alone that hurts me so; it is for the associations connected therewith, and fairly incorporated with its rafts and timbers, that I mourn the most."

Were not these strange words to fall from his lips, if all I suspected was true? There was a sorrowful ring to his voice, a look of pain on his face, both too real to be counterfeited. What if he were innocent after all? My very heart leaped with joy at the thought. But I didn't wish to betray the emotion I felt, and so said carelessly. "What will be the extent of your loss after the insurance is paid?"

"I cannot tell as yet, not so great, however, as I feared at first. I am still far from being a poor man. Then I have quite a large sum in bank, my reserve fund that I can make available now. What troubles me most is the condition of the workmen. Most of them have families dependent on their daily labor, and it is a bad time now to get employment. I am determined, though, that I'll not let them suffer."

"But your business will only be stopped temporarily?"

"That is all, for otherwise it would ruin me as well as them."

The entrance of a gentleman whom I recognized at once as the detective, Mr. Markham, (he had been pointed out to me a week or two previously by a friend,) put a stop to any farther conversation between us.

I was surprised at the appearance of this visitor. Was it possible that my husband, instead of being accessory to the crime of the wretch I had seen, was his victim? But why had he given him money, there I was completely mystified.

The two had a long and mysterious conference together, and I heard the detective say as he went away, "It will be all right, sir, I promise you that."

The conduct of my husband puzzled me more than I can tell. He admitted privately that the foundry was set on fire, but refused to do so publicly; he appeared reluctant to have the matter investigated by the law, and at the same time employed a detective to ferret it out. I couldn't understand these apparent contradictions.

My husband said nothing of the interview, and I asked no questions. But my heart beat lighter, for I began to feel certain that, in spite of the mystery surrounding the affair, he was innocent. His words had done much to strengthen this belief. Nor did it seem probable that he would have gone to a detective otherwise. True, there was much that I couldn't comprehend, but I waited and waited as patiently as I could, hoping that time would at length solve every doubt.

A week passed on, and then, like a thunder-clap, came the news that my husband was arrested on the charge of having set fire to his own foundry. I went at once to the prison where he was confined. They refused me admittance.

Then I sought Mr. Markham. He received me in a courteous, but guarded manner.

I told him what had brought me. He listened silently.

"You have no reason to be alarmed," said he, in reply. "Your husband is perfectly safe. The idle tattle of your servant, gaining importance as it passed from tongue to tongue, is the cause of his arrest."

"Has Norah then told"—I stopped, I remembered the letter, and my tongue seemed paralyzed.

"She has given a history of all that occurred on the morning of the fire," returned he, "and has, doubtless, added a few embellishments of her own."

His eyes were bent upon me with close and eager scrutiny. I felt that I was losing every vestige of self-possession.

"There was a letter," he continued, "was there not, left in a sort of a mysterious way? It was of an exciting character, your husband dropped it accidentally on leaving the room, you picked it up, I hope that if it contained anything that could possibly have been misconstrued so as to criminate him you destroyed it at once?"

"I did! I did!" exclaimed I, forgetful of all such a confession might imply. Then I flushed up red with shame and confusion, and only made the matter worse the more I tried to explain it.

"Never mind," said he, kindly. "Keep your secret if you like. I have known Mr. Allan a long time. It would be hard to convince me that he is not an honest man."

I looked up to see if he was in earnest, but his face was one not easily read. "Is there any other evidence against him," faltered I, "except what Norah has said?"

"Yes. He was seen at midnight, just before the fire, talking to a strange man in the neighborhood of your house. The man is supposed to be the same one to whom suspicion was attached from the first. But all this is mere conjecture."

I could not help the exclamation of despair that burst from my lips.

Mr. Markham regarded me gravely. "Let me advise you, my dear madam," said he, "You should have gone to your husband first. Be careful what you say to any one else. Your words and actions may be misconstrued."

"But how am I to see him," inquired I, "when they refuse me admittance? It was for advice and assistance in this very matter that I came to you."

"Ah, well, you had better return home then. He will be released before night, or sooner, if bail is found."

I did as advised. The dread secret that for a time had lifted its leaden weight from off my heart, again seemed pressing out life and hope. All my suspicions were revived, and whichever way I turned, I saw nothing but mystery and wretchedness.

One only thought I had—to save my husband, guilty or innocent. But had I not already injured his cause by the excitement I had shown, the admissions I had made? Was not that what Mr. Markham meant when he warned me to be careful? But how was I to feign outward calmness when such a tumult raged within? Could I hide the fearful knowledge I possessed from the sharp eyes of those who were watching me? Unused to concealment, I felt that it would be impossible. I trembled for myself and my husband.

There was but one thing I could do—*flee*; flee from danger, from home, from the man I loved and suspected. My absence could be accounted for plausibly, my presence might ruin us both. No other course seemed left for me to pursue. If I stayed, I knew not how much of the truth might be extorted from me; I might even betray everything in some paroxysm of grief and madness. Better that I hid myself and my secret from the eyes of the world.

But where was I to go? Aunt Amy would receive me kindly, and give me love and sympathy, and I needed both in this time of trouble. Nor would she try to discover what I chose to conceal. Her protection, therefore, I resolved to seek.

Norah, alarmed at the mischief she had done, was sobbing vehemently when I reached home.

"You see, Miss Lucy, I just told Bridget Maloney, and she promised not to say a word about it, but it is little she can keep to herself with that long tongue of hers, and I was no sooner out of the house than she steps over to Miss Murphy's, and repeats it word for word. And of course Miss Murphy told Mike, and so it went from one to another, and I as innocent of meaning any harm as an unborn babe."

I tried to comfort her the best I could.

"Will I have to go to court?" inquired she, in a frightened voice. "That is what the big policeman on the corner says, and that I'll have to testify against master too. But I won't, and there is no lawyer in the land can make me. Oh! Miss Lucy, what will they do to him?"

"Nothing," replied I, confidently. (I wished to impress her with that fact, however much

I doubted it myself.) "But, Norah, I am forced to leave home for a few days. Can you manage alone until I return?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," and she hesitated and looked surprised.

"Very well, then. I shall rely on you." And without any farther explanations, for Norah was a competent housekeeper, I went up to my chamber and packed the few articles necessary for the journey.

Then I wrote a letter to my husband, but without disclosing the real cause of my departure, for I felt that such a revelation would but increase his unhappiness. The excuses I gave were weak and unsatisfactory, however—my desolate condition, my need of Aunt Amy, etc. That he would think my conduct strange, and perhaps doubt my affection, I had reason to fear. But even that was better than the risk I should run by remaining under the present circumstances.

I found Aunt Amy in a tumult of excitement.

"Why, child, who would have thought of seeing you?" exclaimed she. "And everything all upside down, and your brother just come home to die, and I on the point of sending a telegram to Mr. Allan, and—"

"My brother!" echoed I, in amazement.

"Why, yes, don't you remember? But it isn't any wonder if you don't, such a little bit of a thing as you were when he went away. He has led a hard life, I'm afraid, and wouldn't have been much credit to his friends if they'd known about him—but we oughtn't to think of that now when his hours are numbered. He can't live till morning, the doctor says. And its perfectly frightful, the way he raves and carries on, for he is out of his head most of the time."

"But when did he come, and how did you know him?" questioned I.

"Hugh picked him up on the street. He had fallen down insensible just in front of Lacy's drug-store, and they took him in there, and sent for a doctor. I was passing, saw the crowd and went in to find out what was the matter. I didn't recognize him at first, but as soon as he came to and began to look a little more natural, I was struck with his resemblance to your father. Your father was my twin-brother, Lucy, and I can never forget how he looked."

Her voice faltered, and she went on quickly.

"Of course it set me thinking, for the man was about as old as your brother would have been, and looking at him closely, I noticed on his wrist a peculiar scar. It wasn't the strawberry-mark that novel-writers always introduce"—and she laughed—"but nevertheless, it convinced me of his identity."

"And you took him home at once?"

"Certainly. That was only day before yesterday; and he has been lying at the point of death ever since."

"Can I see him?"

"Not just yet. He was asleep when I left the room. But pardon me, Lucy, that in talking about him, I haven't said anything as to your own trouble. What a shock it must have given you—the burning of the foundry. Your poor husband! I was afraid that it would nearly drive him crazy. How did it happen that you left him at such a time? I am glad you came, however—I was just about to send for you.

Then I told her as much of the story as I could, without betraying my secret.

"What! your husband arrested, and you here?" exclaimed she, in amazement. "Why, Lucy, I can't understand it."

I was silent. How could I explain? Fortunately, there was a message from the sick-room just then, requiring her presence there immediately. She left me reluctantly, but promised to return soon. Hugh joined me shortly afterward.

"How is the patient?" was my first inquiry, after greeting him affectionately.

"Not much better. The doctor is with him now, and mother too. He is perfectly frant c. You ought to hear him rave. Oh! Lucy, I am afraid that he has not been a good man. You won't mind my saying it, will you, even if he is your brother?"

"Why should I? He is just like a stranger to me."

"The most curious thing of all," said he, lowering his voice, "happened last night. All at once he woke up suddenly, shrieking 'Fire! Fire!' then with a laugh that made my blood run cold cried, "I have done as I said I would! I have done as I said I would!'" (What was there in that sentence to make me start with horror? Was it not the same that had been written on the paper I destroyed?) "Then, sitting up in bed, he seemed to be gloating over what seemed to him a building on fire; he exulted fiendishly as the flames rose higher and higher in his imagination; and finally, when the timbers fell with a crash, and there was nothing left but ruins, according to his description, he sank back exhausted."

My very heart stopped beating; I staggered and would have fallen if it hadn't been for Hugh.

"Why, Lucy," whispered he, full of concern, "what is it? Are you sick?"

"No, no, but I must see this man who calls himself my brother. There is a terrible secret hidden somewhere. The foundry was set on fire. Who did it? That is the question."

"Good heavens! you don't suspect—and yet it may be—yes, yes, everything corresponds."

I had disclosed more than I meant to in my excitement. But I could not recall it, and together Hugh and I went to the sick-room.

Trembling, I approached the bed. Yes, there he lay, the midnight visitor of my husband, the man who had set fire to the foundry. True, I had only seen him in the moonlight before, but his face was distinctly visible, and I recognized him at once. My brother! what did it mean? The mystery seemed to deepen.

He lay very still, with closed eyes. Suddenly he opened them, stared at me steadily, then said, "Who are you?"

"He is beginning to be conscious," whispered Aunt Amy.

I could not speak, I returned his gaze as if fascinated.

"Who are you?" he repeated.

"Lucy Allan," answered I, at last, mechanically.

He sprang up in bed with the exclamation—"My sister!"

Like marble I stood, but he read in my eyes hatred and repulsion.

"You know all!" said he, in a faint voice. "Is it not so? I have wronged you deeply. Your husband would have saved me. I appealed to his generosity, and he gave me money to lead a better life. What did I do? I demanded more, and because he refused it, set fire to his foundry."

"Wretch!" exclaimed I, indignantly.

"Oh, Lucy," whispered Aunt Amy, "be pitiful. Don't you see he is dying?"

"Yes, that is the word," muttered he. "You are right. I am a wretch, a villain, steeped in wickedness. It would make you shudder to hear what I have done. Ah, well, I am punished now."

"It is never too late to repent," said Aunt Amy, softly.

He had fallen back on the pillow exhausted. A little while afterward he raised his head, exclaiming, "Mr. Allan! where is he? He is a good man, and I'd like to ask his forgiveness."

The ghastly hue of death was fast creeping over his face.

"Here is not here," returned I, softened at the sight. "He content, however, I forgive you in his name."

That was the last he said. He died without a struggle. Whether or not he repented at the last, who can tell?

Afterward, I told Aunt Amy everything.

"Lucy dear, you have done very wrong," said she. "Robert Allan is one of the noblest men God ever created. Witness his treatment of your brother, whom he would have made an honest member of society, if he could. There is nothing that will destroy the happiness of married life sooner than concealment. Never distrust your husband; if you do, tell him so frankly, give him a chance to explain. The veriest trifle if brooded over silently, can be transformed from a mole-hill into a mountain. Just think what misery it has cost you, this secret that, if confided to him, would have lost its terror at once."

I was too repentant to suggest that he had shown a lack of candor as well as myself. Aunt Amy, however, was not ignorant of the fact.

"It was from the kindest motives that Robert concealed the existence of your brother," said she. "He feared that it would have an ill effect on your sensitive nature. As a delicate plant is shielded from the wind, he would have guarded you from the knowledge of everything evil and disagreeable. But it is not the right principle. Husband and wife are only linked together by stronger ties, if they share the burdens of life as well as its pleasures, united alike in joy and sorrow."

My brother was buried the next day. We received a telegram from Robert in answer to one we sent, saying that he could not possibly come, that business prevented his leaving home. It not only disappointed, but alarmed me as well, for I knew not what might have happened in my absence. I was full of impatience to return.

Accompanied by Aunt Amy, I started immediately after the funeral. My husband was at the depot when we arrived, to my great relief, (I had feared that he might be in the prison yet.)

"Can you ever forgive me?" whispered I, stealing my hand into his under cover of the darkness.

"For running away? I am afraid not." He spoke lightly, but there was something in his voice that startled me, that seemed to imply he had discovered my secret, and knew of what a base crime I had suspected him.

But how could he have found it out? I had written of my brother, and described his death-bed, but carefully concealed what I had known before, wishing to reserve my own confession until we met face to face. But there was the letter that Nora had seen me pick up—ah! yes, she had told him of that, and he had guessed the rest. Strange that I had never thought of this clue that, associated with my singular conduct, was enough to explain the whole affair.

We had no sooner reached home than Aunt Amy with the tact peculiar to such women, left me alone with my husband.

"You have something to tell me," said he, softly. "What is it, Lucy?"

Brokenly then I related my story, ashamed to look in his face, shrinking from the contempt and indignation I feared to read there.

"Part of this I guessed before," replied he, gravely, "when I came home on the day of my arrest, and found you gone. I was very sorry then that I had not told you the truth in the beginning. But I thought I was acting for the best. Mr. Markham, to whom I confided everything, in order to find your brother, if possible, and place a watch over him, condemned my course severely. 'Better tell your wife all,' was his advice. It was from him I learned of your finding that letter on the morning of the fire. Norah gave in her testimony afterward. When I thought of your reading that, and of what it might lead you to suspect, I fairly trembled."

"And you remember," interrupted I, "how excited you were, and how you rushed out of the room immediately after its perusal?"

"Ah! yes, there is one thing that neither you nor Aunt Amy seems to have suspected. Your brother was insane when he set fire to the foundry."

"You only say that out of kindness. It cannot be so."

"But it is. I was sure of it as soon as I read his confession. That wasn't the act of a sane man. And I recalled other things, words and actions that had seemed strange at the time."

"Oh, yes, that pantomime of hanging," and I shuddered.

"And the proofs seemed to multiply. He was subject to fits of hallucination. Frightened at this thought, I went in search of him at once, but was unsuccessful, and it was then that I sought the counsel of Mr. Markham, a friend of mine, and a man that can keep a secret."

"But when was it my brother made himself known to you first?"

"In a letter, shortly before the fire, appointing the meeting you witnessed. You remember that robbery of the Union Bank, in which I was interested, as president of the Company? He wrote me that he was implicated in that, told me of his relationship to yourself, implored my aid, and declared that if he was arrested he would proclaim himself your brother."

"How did you know he was not an impostor?"

"By his likeness to yourself, slight but perceptible, the way in which he talked, etc., etc. I am a tolerable judge of human nature."

"You gave him money?"

"Yes, on condition that he left the country. He was your brother, and I couldn't refuse him. He was anxious to begin a new life, he said, and I pitied him, and was willing to do for him what I could. But the amount I gave him wasn't satisfactory; he demanded more, threatened me with exposure if I refused, and left me full of wrath."

"If you had only told me everything then."

"But you seemed to be asleep when I came in, and I was worn out myself. Afterward came the fire, and it looked like cruelty then to disclose your brother's guilt and add to your misery."

"You little thought what I was enduring, and that I was base enough to suspect you."

"Ah, Lucy, it has taken us a long time to understand each other. You fancied that I was tired of my girl-wife, and I that you wearied of your old husband. We have both been mistaken. I blame myself more than you, however. I ought to have remembered your youth, and sunny-heartedness, and love of social intercourse, and not buried myself up so completely in books. Never mind, you shall have no cause to complain hereafter."

I never had. Even Aunt Amy was satisfied with our devotion to each other. Robert was in her eyes the "one perfect man in the world!" imagine what he was in mine.

My ideal of married life was at length realized. Not that a cloud never rose to dim our happiness, we wouldn't have been mortal otherwise, but the lesson of mutual trust had been impressed upon us in a way never to be forgotten.

Robert was triumphantly acquitted. There was enough evidence brought forward to prove who set the foundry on fire, but it was never suspected outside of our own family circle that the crazy man who committed the deed was my brother.

☞ Birds mit yoost der same kind of fedders will gone together mit themselfs.

☞ In a court a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up and with much emphasis, said: "Your honor, he's gone." "Gone, gone," said the judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead." This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

AN EASTERN STRATAGEM.

BY N. S. DODGE.

In the year 1065 of the Hegira—corresponding to 1687 of the Christian era—on the second day of the feast of Beiram, a large group of Mussulmans were assembled in a circle before the mosque of St. Sophia. Some were standing, and others sitting cross-legged on carpets spread upon the sand. By degrees the group increased as the Moslems issued from the mosque, and as passers-by, prompted by curiosity, remained to see what was going on. Every eye was turned toward one point with a look of expectation, but a cloud of bluish smoke slowly rising in the air proved that the gratification of their curiosity was not the only pleasure which these Mussulmans enjoyed.

In the midst of this crowd of smokers a young man of remarkably handsome features, though somewhat bronzed by an Asiatic sun, was seated before a small table, which was covered with swords and brass balls. He was dressed in a close jacket of green silk, admirably fitted to set off his light and graceful figure; a girdle of antelope skin, on which some mysterious characters were inscribed in silver, confined a pair of loose trowsers which were drawn close at the ankle. This light and attractive dress was completed by a Phrygian cap, from the top of which hung a small musical bell. By this costume, at once graceful and fantastic, it was easy to recognize one of those jugglers whom the feast of Beiram drew every year to Stamboul, and to whom was usually given the name of Zingaro.

The spectators soon became so numerous that many found it difficult to get even a glimpse of the juggler's tricks. The brass balls, glittering in the sun, were flying round his head with amazing rapidity, and forming every variety of figure at his pleasure. The ease and grace with which he performed these wonders gave promise of still greater. At length, allowing the balls to drop one after the other into a resounding vase at his feet, he armed himself with a yataghan. Seizing the brilliant hilt, he drew the blade from the scabbard studded with gems, and dexterously whirling it over his head, made, as it were, a thousand flashes of lightning sparkle around him. The Mussulmans slowly bowed their heads in token of approbation, but uttered not a word.

The juggler continued his exploits without appearing to notice the admiration he excited. He next took a pigeon's egg from a small moss basket, and, placing it upright on the table, struck it with the edge of his sword without injuring the shell. An incredulous bystander took the egg to examine it, but the slight pressure of his fingers served to destroy the frail object that had resisted the blow of the scimetar. Then, taking off his Phrygian cap, the prestidigitator disclosed a large clear forehead shaded by locks of jetty blackness. Placing upon his bare head a helmet of steel, which he had first submitted to the circle for inspection, he made the curved weapon fly around him with such fearful velocity that he appeared for a moment to be enveloped within the luminous circles it described. Presently the sword appeared to deviate, and grazed the hair of the holder. Some Franks present turned pale and closed their eyes against the dreaded sight, but the juggler's hand was sure. The yataghan, which had spared the pigeon's egg, had severed in two the pyramid of steel.

This act of dexterity was followed by many others no less perilous. The boldness of the young man terrified the usually impassive Turks; and, what was yet more surprising, he made them smile by the amusing stories he related. Persons of his profession were generally silent, and their only power of amusement lay in their fingers' ends; but this man possessed the varied qualities of an Indian juggler and an Arabian story teller. He paused after almost every trick to continue a tale, again to be interrupted by fresh displays of his power, thus by turns delighting the eyes and ears of his audience.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the performance was a man apparently about forty years old, whose carpet was placed in the first circle, and whose dress denoted him to be of superior rank. It was the Bostangi-Bassa, superintendent of the gardens and keeper of the privy purse to the grand signior. The tricks ended, the young man completed his story and gathered up his implements as if to depart.

"Stop!" said the Bostangi-Bassa. "Since you are such a magician, will you tell me the sultan's favorite flower?"

"The poppy of Aleppo: it is red," replied the juggler, without a moment's hesitation.

"At what time does the sultan sleep?" resumed the Bostangi.

"Never!" said the juggler.

The Bassa started and looked anxiously around him, fearing lest other ears had heard this answer. Then, beckoning the juggler to approach and lowering his voice, he asked, "Can you name the sultan's favorite wife?"

"Assarach," replied the diviner.

The Bostangi put his fingers on his lips in token of silence, and moving away, said, "Follow me!"

The young man took up his yataghan, and, leaving the remainder of his effects to be carried by a slave, followed his guide toward the great door of the palace.

The history of successive Sultans often presents little beyond the melancholy spectacle of a throne at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Mahmoud was not the first of his race who sought to free the seraglio from those formidable guardians. Soliman III. had also formed this perilous design, but he was put to death by the janizaries, led by Mustapha, his uncle, who came from the Morea for the ostensible purpose of defending the emperor, but in reality to seize upon his throne. The sultan Mustapha, who had commenced his reign in such a tragic manner, experienced all the anxiety and uneasiness which must ever attend the acts of an usurper and a tyrant. Sordid, suspicious and perfidious, he broke through every promise he had made to the janizaries, whose creature, nevertheless, he was. Instead of doubling their pay, he diminished it—instead of lessening the taxes, he doubled them. He lived buried in the depths of his palace, the care of which he had confided to the Greek soldiery, notwithstanding the murmurs of the legitimate guards. The mutes, dwarfs, and buffoons of the palace could alone obtain access to his presence.

At the time the juggler was amusing the subjects of his highness, Mustapha was seated cross-legged on his divan, seeking to drive away his *ennui* by watching the columns of fragrant smoke as they slowly rose from the long tube of his nargileh. A slave stood beside him, holding a feathered fan of varied colors. The buffoons of the palace had vainly tried to extort a smile from their master. The impassibility of the grand signior gave them to understand that their time was ill chosen, and that mirth would be dangerous; they had, therefore, one after the other, quitted the apartment, waiting to re-enter at the good pleasure of the prince. The palace was silent. No noise broke the stillness save the fall of waters into the marble fountains and the distant call of the muezzin summoning to the duties of the mosque.

Shortly the hangings opposite the divan were gently raised, and a man stood in respectful attitude before Mustapha.

"What wouldst thou?" asked the sultan.

The Bostangi-Bassa—for it was he—replied briefly, according to the custom of the seraglio: "A juggler stands without: he might perchance amuse your highness."

The sultan made an impatient sign in the negative.

"This man," continued the Bassa, "knows strange things. He can read the future."

"Let him come in."

The Bostangi bowed profoundly, and retired.

Black slaves, armed with drawn scimetars, surrounded the imperial sofa when the juggler was introduced. After a slight salutation, the young man leaned gracefully on his yataghan, awaiting the orders of the sultan.

"Thy name?" demanded Mustapha.

"Mehallé."

"Thy country!"

"Jugglers have no country."

"Thy age?"

"I was five years old when you first girded on the sword of Ottoman."

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the Morea, signior," replied the juggler, pronouncing the words with emphasis.

The sultan remained silent for a moment, but soon added, gayly,

"Since you can read the future, I will put your knowledge to the proof. When people know the future they ought to know the past."

"You say right, signior: he who sees the evening star rise on the horizon has but to turn his head to view the last rays of the setting sun."

"Well, tell me how I made my ablutions yesterday?"

"The first with Canary wine, the second with wine of Cyprus, and the third with that of Chios."

The chief of believers smiled and stroked his beard: he was indeed in the habit of derogating in this respect, as in many others, from the prescription of the Koran.

"Knowest thou," replied the sovereign, whom the Zingaro's answer had put into a pleasant humor, "knowest thou that I could have thee beheaded?"

"Doubtless," said the juggler, undauntedly, "as you did the Spanish merchant who watered his wine before he sold it to you."

Mustapha applauded the knowledge of the magician. He hesitated, nevertheless, before he ventured to put the dreaded question that tyrants, who are ever superstitious, never fail to demand of those who can read the stars,

"How long have I to live?"

The grand signior assumed a persuasive tone, and even condescended to flatter the organ of destiny, in hopes of obtaining a favorable answer.

"Thou art a wonderful youth," said he: "thou knowest things of which, besides thyself, the mutes only possess the secret. I have questioned many fakeers, marabouts and dervishes, some of whom had three times seen the tomb of the Prophet, but not one of them all ever answered me as thou hast. I should wish to keep thee in my palace; I will make thee richer than all the merchants of Galata, if thou wilt tell me the year when I must die."

Mehallé approached the sultan, and, taking his hand, appeared to study the lines of its palm with great attention. Having finished his examination, he went to the window and fixed his eyes for some moments upon the heavens.

"The fires of Beiram are lighting up the cupola of the grand mosque," said he, slowly: "night is at hand."

Mustapha anxiously awaited the answer of the astrologer. The latter continued in a mysterious manner:

"The declining day still eclipses the light of the constellations. I will answer you, signior, when the evening star appears."

The sultan made a movement of impatience; anger was depicted in his countenance, and the look which he darted on the mutes showed Mehallé that he had incurred his highness's displeasure. Curiosity, however, doubtless prevailed over every other feeling of the prince's mind, for turning to the young man, he said,

"I am little accustomed to wait: I will do so, however, if thou canst amuse me until the propitious hour arrives."

"Would your highness like to see some feats of juggling?" asked Mehallé, drawing his sabre from the scabbard.

"No, no!" exclaimed the sultan, making the circles of slaves close in about him. "Leave thy arms!"

"Would you prefer a story, signior!"

"Stories that lull an Arab to sleep under his tent? No, I must have something new. Of all known games there is but one I care for: I used to play it formerly, but now there is not a person in the palace who understands the chessboard."

The juggler smiled, and, taking an ebony box from a velvet bag, he presented it to the sultan, whose wish he understood.

The stern countenance of the sultan relaxed at the sight, and the board was placed on the bowed back of a slave. Before commencing the game the sultan said, "We are about to play; so far, good; but shouldst thou lose, what should I gain?"

"Since your highness does me the honor of playing against me, I will stake all that I possess—this scimetar and my liberty. But what if I win?" added the young man, folding his arms.

"Shouldst thou win, I would give thee a slave."

"For a free man? The stake is not equal."

"I would add to it my finest courser."

"I need him not; my feet are swifter than those of an Arab steed."

"What wouldst thou, then?"

"I have a fancy, sublime signior. Until this day I have been nothing but a wanderer, wearing the dress of a juggler. Were I to complain of this I should be ungrateful, for this simple garb has ever seen me free and happy. I, however, renounce it. I become your slave; my mirth shall be for you alone; I will sing for you Indian songs; and, above all, I will divine for none but you. In return I will ask but one thing: it is, if I win, to allow me to wear your royal mantle for ten minutes, to sit upon the divan surrounded by slaves, and to place upon my head that dreaded turban whose fame has reached to the ends of the earth."

The proposition of Mehallé was received with a burst of laughter from the sultan: "Thou wouldst sit upon the seat of the caliphs! Dost thou not fear the weight of this turban upon thy silly head? A fine figure thou wouldst make under the pelisse of Ottoman! I should like to see thee giving audience to the viziers and pashas!"

"It is in your highness's power to afford yourself this pleasure."

"Well," exclaimed Mustapha, "I will agree to the stake. A juggler upon the throne! Such a sight the East never saw."

The game was short. Though he played with skill, the sultan was checkmated. It was fairly done, and he pleasantly prepared to fulfil his engagement.

Mustapha loosened his girdle, took off his pelisse and laid down his turban, while a slave assisted to invest Mehallé in the royal garments. These preparations completed, the sultan, dressed only in loose silken trowsers and a richly-embroidered vest, approached a clock, and, placing his finger on the dial-plate, "When the hand shall mark the hour of eight," said he, "I shall have paid my wager, and then I will appoint you my astrologer."

The juggler ascended the divan, and having placed his scimetar at his side, he ordered the doors to be thrown open that the waiting courtiers might be admitted. The apartment, which the dim light of evening rendered obscure, was immediately filled with muftis and ulemas, agas of janizaries and pashas, great officers of the Porte and foreign ambassadors. He next ordered a new relay of guards to relieve those on duty, and then the withdrawal of all the personal attendants. It was the work of a moment. As the fresh soldiers were marching in, a sign from Mehallé caused the flambeaux to be lighted, when, in the dazzling flood of illumination, he stood erect, received the homage of the assembly, and, fixing more firmly on his head the scarlet-feathered turban, the emblem of power, he cried in a commanding tone, "Let the standard of the prophet be raised on St. Sophia! The people will salute it from afar at the fires of Beiram!"

At these words an officer stepped forth to execute the order, but Mustapha, who had been sitting aside, at first amused and then alarmed, arose to prevent him.

"Haggi Mohammed," thundered the *ad-interim* sultan, "obey!"

The aga bowed and retired. Mehallé added, "Let the imaums repair to the mosques and offer up petitions for the new sultan! Cadilisquier, have the tomb of Mustapha opened in Boutari!" The sultan tried to smile. "Keepers of the treasury," continued Mehallé, "distribute among the poor of Stamboul the hoardings of the late sultan!"

"Enough, buffoon!" exclaimed Mustapha in an agitated voice, on seeing how readily his servants obeyed these strange orders.

"I still command," replied Mehallé with calm self-possession; "the clock has not yet struck the hour of eight. Art thou, then, so impatient to know the fate that awaits thee?" The courtiers were at a loss to understand the mysterious scene. They looked with terror on this bold young man, invested with the insignia of power, and the Bostangi was astonished at seeing his master tremble before a strolling juggler.

"Mustapha," continued the diviner, "I am about to tell thee the time of thy death, for the evening star has risen. Mufti, advance."

The president of the *oumdia* came forward. The diviner proceeded: "You who read every day the book of our prophet and explain it to the people, tell me how avarice and usury, drunkenness and murder, perfidy and cruelty should be punished."

The mufti replied in a low, grave tone, "By the Koran any one of these crimes is deserving of death."

"Thou hearest, Mustapha? It is the prophet who condemns thee." As he said this he beckoned to the mutes. Mustapha tried to rush to the divan, but was seized by the slaves, who had learned to recognize the symbol of power which Mehallé wore, and the cord was passed around his neck.

"Thy hour has come! I am the son of Solyman, who fell fifteen years ago in this very place, pierced with wounds from thy sword! Thou hast counted the heads of every member of my family. Thou hast confounded the son of thy master with the child of a slave. I am the evening star: I am the sultan Amurath!"

As he thus spoke the young prince made a step forward. His lofty brow, his features, voice, manner and commanding dignity of person inspired a deep emotion in the assembly. After a moment the cry went up, "Long live Amurath!" and at the same moment the body of Mustapha fell lifeless on the marble floor.

The clock had struck eight. Before the hour-hand had once again passed round the dial, largess had been profusely scattered among the populace of Stamboul, oaths of allegiance taken by officers of state, and the proclamation, "His Highness, our very magnificent lord and master, Sultan Abdul Aziz Amurath, has ascended the throne!" trumpeted by the public crier before the mosque of St. Sophia.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ Albinola, a strange creature, who has for years smeared himself daily from head to foot with an ointment of an delectable composition as that of the caldron of Macbeth's witches, composed of resin, sepes, adder's grease, viper's grease, turpentine, etc., died in London the other day, at the age of 88. He strangely resembled Napoleon the Great, and always claimed that he, and not the Corsican, won the battle of Jena, by leaping on a horse and making to the front at a critical moment, bawling, "I am your Emperor! Stand firm! The day is ours!" Whereupon they stood firm, won the battle, and Albinola passed on into obscurity again. There have been people who believed the story.

☞ Among the curiosities in the Imperial Treasury at Vienna is an opal, said to be the largest yet found, and weighing 17 ounces.

The People's Stamp of Value.

The Government endorsement, which legalizes the sale of PLANTATION BITTERS, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous VEGETABLE TONIC. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the STILL MORE VALUABLE STAMP OF PUBLIC APPROBATION. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a TONIC, CORRECTIVE and ALTERATIVE, is of much earlier date than the Government credential: for millions of sick persons have pronounced it the GRAND SPECIFIC OF THE AGE long before Congress thought of taxing proprietary medicines. It is unnecessary to repeat, in detail, the properties of this wonderful Vegetable Invigorant. The best reference that can be offered to those who desire the full particulars of its virtues, is the GENERAL PUBLIC. Ask those who have tried it as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, intermittent fevers, nervous debility, rheumatism, sea sickness, low spirits, or loss of vital power, what Plantation Bitters has done for *them*, and be governed by the response they make to your inquiries.

☞ English servants are tempted to steal by the circulation of handbills thrown into the areas, giving the place of business of purchasers of "old silver ware," accompanied by the information in large type that all purchases are melted down on the premises.

The Invalid.—A Pen Picture.

See her pallid countenance, but a short time ago the picture of ruddy health, the envy of the school and the pride of the household. She was always welcomed by her schoolmates, for her lithe form and pleasing disposition carried cheerfulness into their ranks. Diligent, punctual and exemplary, obedient and graceful at home, she won the hearts of all. But alas! we are sorrowed. Those rosy cheeks and ruddy lips are blanched by consumption. The voice once so enchanting in laugh and song is feeble, husky and supplanted by a hollow cough. Let us approach her couch gently and take her hand. Do not shudder because of the feeble and passionless grasp. The hand once so hearty and plump is emaciated and shows bony outlines, while the cords and tortuous veins are plainly mapped upon the surface. The pulse that bounded with repletion, carrying vigor to the whole system and imparting life, beauty, vivacity, health and strength, is delicate to the touch. The feeble heart cannot propel the thin, scanty blood with force. Must we lose her while yet in her teens? Companions and friends gather around with words of cheer and consolation, and depart with moistened eyes and silent steps. Must we lose her? No! there is relief! We can stay this destroyer of our happiness, and not suffer the loss of so bright a gem. Something more is required now than dietary and hygienic observance, for nature calls for aid and shall have it. Take this pleasant medicine. It is invigorating. How it allays the irritable cough, improves the appetite and digestion, and sends a healthy tingle through the frame. The blood is enriched, nervous force increased, and the heart bounds with a new impulse. See her face brighten by degrees; the color is returning, her voice is getting clearer, and pleasant words are spoken. The strength falters yet, but is gaining. Let us take her out in the warm sunshine. In a short time she will be able to go without our aid, a cheerful girl. This delightful medicine must be God-blessed. It is restoring health to our loved one. She is emerging from her sickness sweeter and nobler than before, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must have the credit. It has raised her. Sold by all first class Druggists everywhere.

582.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

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SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

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OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

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The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price 50 cents.

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A Perilous Season.

Glorious and delightful as the Summer weather is, its tropical heat is a severe trial to the vital powers. Even the strongest are sometimes prostrated by its effects. The common phrase applied to this condition of the body is "general debility." Now, general debility arises from, and includes a variety of ailments. The liver is more or less affected, the bowels are either constipated or too much relaxed, the stomach but half performs the work of digestion, the appetite is poor, and the spirits depressed. This is what is called general debility. It is a general disarrangement of all the physical functions, and requires as a remedy a medicine that will regulate them all. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is specially adapted to this purpose. Its general operation is not confined to a single organ. If the liver is affected, it restores its tone. If the stomach is torpid, it regenerates it. If the nerves are tremulous and weak, it braces and reinforces them. If the mind, which ever sympathizes with the body, is gloomy and despondent, it relieves the difficulty, and soon brings the whole mechanism of the body into harmony with the laws of health.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

COOKED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Post:—How upon earth is a body going to write for the newspapers such weather as this?—thermometer in the nineties, flies more abundant than weeds in a drunkard's garden, and lean, long, lank musquitoes in proportion. I rise to explain that it can't be done.

You might as well undertake to draw ideas out of a "tay kettle" as out of your brains this twenty-sixth of July. The starch is all taken out of you. One feels like a fresh apple-dumpling, steamy, mussy and sticky all over. From the crown of his head to the ends of his toe-nails one is permeated through and through with such a feeling of fierce, brassy, red-hot heat that he wouldn't be surprised at any moment to see himself explode like a steam-engine. Oh, for the blessed privilege of putting on an extremely loose, light, and thin wrapper, and sitting up on an ice-berg, on the shady side!

There is no relief for a poor mortal any minute of the day. It's hot as all possessed, the whole twenty-four hours round. It is impossible to take anything coolly whatsoever. You drink your coffee in the morning. It's boiling hot, and throws you into a steam-bath to begin on. Then you try to read your paper. Meantime the hot sun comes out in all his majesty and splendor, and beats upon the roof, and pours in at your windows with a vim—a vim which nips in the bud all your feeble attempts at improving your mind, and converts your humble sitting-room into a raging Dutch oven, or Irish oven, or Yankee oven, just as the case may be. Perhaps such hot sun is good for corn and potatoes, but it doesn't suit some other green things quite so well. It withers up at the roots all the sweet, green young poetical shoots of the youthful soul, and the old soul too, dries them up like a roasted pea-nut shell. Even love-making becomes a bore during this ineffably hot weather. Doesn't it?

If you try to write an article for the *Post*, your ideas all run together like butter, stale butter, too. Metaphysics melt away like a two-dollar bill. Wit, wisdom, humor, and philosophy melt down and flow together into a jumble, out of which you can make nothing in the world but nonsense. You go to Barnum's Menagerie, and of all the forlorn, steamy, loud-smelling holes you ever poked your head into, that Barnum's show is the climax. I felt so sorry for the poor dear little monkeys, that I wanted to stand and fan 'em. They looked so like a man and brother, you know. You could almost feel your kinship to them, as they threw themselves back into a corner of the baking-hot cage, leaned their jaws sorrowfully upon their hands, and looked at you out of their eyes with such a beautiful, pensive, heart-broken expression, exactly like a young man in the days of his first love. It reminded a body so of his youth, that it fairly brought tears into one's eyes.

It was so hot that the lions wouldn't roar, and the seal just whopped down into the deepest part of his tank, and wouldn't come out again for love or money. The only animals who appeared to be enjoying themselves were the Cannibal Islanders, who had more covering on their faces than most anywhere else, their faces being beautifully painted red and blue. Fashion permits the Cannibal Islander to dress according to the weather.

Oh! to be a Cannibal Islander, and go comfortable!

ZIG.

WHEN THE DARK COMETH.

A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother. "Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?" "I do not know, dear. Can you tell me why?" "Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good." "O!" thought I, "how many of us wait till the dark comes, in the form of sickness or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we 'begin to act good.' How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine; and then 'when the dark comes'—as it will, in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

There is one instance of tolerably well-authenticated rumor in which a young and fascinating Washington lady, finding herself beset by lovers whose disinterestedness she doubted, pretended to have lost all her possessions—she was an orphan of some wealth—and went into the Treasury Department as a matter of necessity. Gradually the lovers fell off—first, the attentive member of Congress, then a high official, then an army officer of prominence. There was but one among the suitors who remained ardently faithful, and he was a poor treasury clerk on a meagre salary; but he was honest and proud of her, and insisted that he should have the right, in the time of her misfortune, of coming to her aid and supporting her to the best of his ability. Finally she accepted, and it was only after marriage that the ruse was discovered, and that it transpired that she was even more wealthy than had been supposed.

☞ Hats with thermometers in the roof are the latest invention. If the mercury gets too high, you stand on your head until your equilibrium is restored.

☞ The announcement of scientific men that the bed of the Mississippi river, from Keokuk to the Gulf of Mexico, has recently filled up with sediment from two to four feet deep, is accounted for by the explanation that Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, has lately washed himself and moved into a clean shirt.

THE MYSTIC ROOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Would you enter? Here is the rusty key.
Does it turn in the lock?—what stays your tread?
You are pale with terror; awe-struck you see
In that mystic room the unconfined dead.

Turn the pall aside from his silent face,
It has never yet been touched with decay;
You are shivering, trembling; this gloomy place
Is so cold, shut out from the light of day.

How long since he died? One year ago
I dragged this corpse from the sight of men;
Oh, God forgive me, I loved him so—
An idol of clay, I knew it then.

He had held me tranced with his traitorous tongue,
Had wooed me with his treacherous eyes;
To the very core my soul was stung
By the falsehood wearing such a guise.

I gave him the trust of early youth,
I loved him with love supreme, complete,
And never once did I doubt his truth,
Till thralled securely by his deceit.

Ah, well, he died. How sudden you start!
I almost fancied I heard you groan.
Do you know this room? It is my heart,
The corpse you gaze on is your own.

It will never stir—you need not weep;
Unmoved I mark each tear you shed;
The harvest you sowed you now must reap:
I loathe the living; *I loved* the dead.

'Twas a cruel blow. Ah! had you known
Your nobler self by that deed was slain,
You had plited then the stifled moan
Wrung forth from one who had loved in vain.

The past has perished. Give me the key.
There are haunting shadows in this room.
Away, away, from my presence flee!
What is it you ask? You know your doom.

OUR WINDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Post:—Will you welcome a little letter from our window? Our Window is a very plain one indeed. Many persons would consider it a misfortune to have such a window in their parlor, for it is not a fashionable bay window, but a plain show-case window transformed into a plant stand or parlor conservatory.

The plants which grow in our window are common ones, such as anybody can have. They are not rare and costly; but they are none the less beautiful, none the less refreshing to our partial eyes. You should see them and their shadows this morning while the eleven o'clock sun is beaming in upon them obliquely. Every homely old plant pot ist opped with lovely green, and its adumbration cast upon the white paint is glorified with a fret-work of vine and leaf shadows, coming and going like visions from a magic lantern, as the sun peeps in and out from ganzy masses of clouds hanging in the azure sky.

We have a stalk of verbena bearing two glorious clusters of intense crimson blossoms now in the very prime of perfection. We have several kinds of vines climbing on slender threads to the top of the window. We have a cactus, remarkable chiefly for its intervals of rapid growth, and of no growth at all, for its persistent refusal to blossom, and for its unequalled ingenuity in producing odd-shaped leaves. Of all cacti which I have ever seen this one deserves a medal for its original and varied forms of ugliness. The leaves are flat, round, obovate, linear, crooked, straight, smooth, bristling, angular, screw-shaped, serpentine, channelled, cylindrical—I must give it up, for there are no words to describe the more whimsical forms; models and diagrams alone would convey a correct idea of their shape. This amiable and captivating plant is about eight or nine years old, if memory serves me right, and it has never yet put forth a flower-bud to repay us for the care we have lavished upon it. We should have thrown it away long ago had it not been taken from a plant famous for its magnificent blossoms. Old cactus growers encourage us with the hope that this plant will some day surprise us with a profusion of flowers. Certainly a blossom found upon it would be a surprise. We have two or three geraniums, some "fairy flax," and a two year old century plant. We expect that our great, great, great, great grandchildren will see *that* blossom. Probably the cactus will "come out" about the same time.

Florists will say that we have a meagre list of plants. But we do not mind what the florists say. We enjoy our flowers, and feel thankful for a broad sunny window in which to shelter them.

You think that you have now a complete picture of our window, and that it is a very poor affair indeed. Ah! I have only given you the merest shadow of its outline. To describe an object fairly we must give not merely its shape and color, but its location, its surroundings, its associations. Oh, the scenes that have transpired within this, our window! Oh, the memories that are associated with it! Oh! the family traditions that are connected with it! A volume might be filled with them, and then the task of recording remain unfinished.

Upon the green carpet in front of our window stands a small, unpainted, dingy pine box. The cover and three-fourths of one side are gone; still the staunch little box holds together, and has a use as well as a value, but no price. Money would not buy that box, for it is our Vol's especial property. Open side down it serves him for a seat to sit in when he looks out of our window; and open side up it answers him for bureau, bandbox, trunk, tool-box, toy-shop and cart-body. Placed in a dining-chair it serves him for a seat at table—he has resigned his "high-chair" to his baby sister Sarah. As the box is light and easy to carry, Vol takes it with him when he goes neighboring up stairs to uncle's or in the next room to dine with "Me ga'ma an'ny."

"Me ga'ma an'ny" is Vol's dialect for "My grandma and aunty." All babies possessed of original ideas have dialects peculiar to themselves. Vol's dialect is excessively peculiar.

Vol is our boy. We have three babies belonging in the house, but only one boy. Vol is not three years old yet. He has a flaxen-haired baby sister, with eyes blue and laughing as the summer sky. This baby is a year old and bears the glorious old name of Sarah. Vol feels a "selfish sense of property" in the little maiden, and proudly, patronizingly calls her "Me baby." "My" is always "me" in Vol's vernacular.

Near the box stands a pretty little rocking-chair with a dog-tidy on it. The dog-tidy has Vol's name, Fido's name, and a picture of Fido carrying his master's basket in his mouth. These all were wrought for Vol by the patient fingers of "Me an'ny." Vol cherishes his chair, and dotes upon his dog-tidy, but if anything would rend his heart most cruelly it would be to have to part with his unpainted pine box, or to see it relentlessly split up for kindling wood.

But Vol and Sarah are gone far West to visit their maternal grandparents, and our window is a lonely spot. Good-bye, revered Post.

Xoq.

☞ An extraordinary marine nondescript was recently fished up from the bottom of the sea off the coast of Australia, on a piece of coral. The body was that of a fish, but it had in the place of fins four legs, terminated by what might be called hands, by means of which it made its way rapidly over the coral reef. When placed on the sky-light of the steamer, this fish stood up on its four legs, "a sight," says the narrator, "to behold."

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

I have no faith in the affection which is supposed to exist, but which never displays itself by outward token. Some fortunate souls there are who possess the happy faculty of taking things for granted; to these it matters little that the sky is overcast with clouds when it should be filled with sunshine; they know that the sun is in his accustomed place, be it fair or foul weather, and are satisfied. What a blessed "gift of the gods" is contentment! It would afford *me* not an atom of satisfaction to know that the sun was always where he should be, hung in "awful space," from one year's end to another, if his face were forever veiled by clouds, and no glad sunbeam ever pierced the darkness to cheer my heart. In that case I could just as well dispense with the "God of Day" altogether. I have come to believe that the love which is afraid or ashamed to express itself, by outward signs and symbols, is a very poor sort of sentiment; and, I am almost ready to say, not worth the having. It is the outward expression of affection that gives joy both to the giver and receiver.

The cordial clasp of the hands; the earnest words of tenderness; the love-light beaming from the eye; the thousand, little nameless demonstrations—all saying frankly and openly. "I love you. It is my right to love you, and I care not who knows it. In fact, I rather *want* people to know it!"

I would not advocate a display of tenderness where none exists. I have looked upon such mockeries, and turned away sick at heart; but I speak of those whom we *must* believe love one another, yet are chary to excess of all love's demonstrations.

Hidden away in the inmost depths of the heart the passion may be; but if it never bubbles up to the surface, nor overflows in little waves and ebullitions of tenderness, it has little worth. Prize it, ye who can, it has no charm for *me!*

What will it avail you when one dear to you has slipped away from this life, to find rest in a happier country, to fling yourself upon her grave; and, through your tears, call her by every fond, endearing name?

She never heard you speak thus tenderly in life, and she is deaf now to your cries of pain or passion forevermore. The time has been when her heart would have throbbed high with joy, to hear the love thrill through your tones as it is thrilling now—but "every thing comes too late—too late!" You, who are careless or indifferent, who think, if indeed you give the subject a thought at all—"Well, she knows I love her—I need not *tell* her so"—pause to think one moment. The Dark Angel may leave the shadow of his wings upon her brow *first*, and woe to you, if that day comes, when your heart finds voice through your lips at last, and calling wakes no answer!

No faith have I in the love compared to a "hidden spring." I want some indication of the spring's existence. I want to see its waters rushing upward, and leaping and laughing in the sunshine!

NAMES OF STATES.

Dr. John G. Shea has been investigating the origin of the names of the States, and thus gives in the Historical Record some of his conclusions.

Alabama is the name of the tribe originally written Alibamon by the French. The late Rev. Mr. Byington, an accomplished Choctaw scholar, sustained the earlier French by making the Alibamons to be Choctaws, and he ridiculed the translation, Here we rest; or, the land of rest. I took down, but cannot at the moment give his interpretation.

Mississippi is not Choctaw or Natchez at all. The name first reached the French missionaries and voyageurs through the northern Algonquin tribes, and is clearly intelligible in their languages. Missi or Michi means great; sipi, river; so that it simply means great river. The Ottawa was called Kichisipi, a great river; and Colonel Pichlyn, a very intelligent Shawnee, when asked by the late Buckingham Smith the meaning of Chesapeake, at once said Kichi-sipik: Place of great water.

Arkansas is written in early French documents Alkansas, so that the French word ark certainly did not enter it, and such compounds are not in the style of the French. Alkansas or Arkansas was the name given by the Algonquins tribe to the nation calling themselves Quappas.

Kentucky will, I think, by Algonquin scholars be interpreted like Connecticut—the long river. I do not think any word signifying head or source enters into it.

Ohio is not a Shawnee word, or a word in any Algonquin dialect. It is pure Iroquois, like Ontario, and means in Iroquis Beautiful river. See Ouoq, Iroquois and Algonquin tract.

Michigan is Michi, great; and gami, lake, in Algonquin, and is given in an early French Illinois dictionary. As earliest given it is Michigami.

Illinois is not a compound of Indian and French; but a Canadian French attempt to express the word Illiniwek, of which in Algonquin is a verbal form: "We are men." The wek gradually got written ois, pronounced way, or nearly so. We say Illy-noy, but the French said, Illeen way, and the Indians Illeen-week.

Wisconsin arises from a misprint; all the early French documents have Ouisconsing, or Misconsing; and this seems to come from Miscosi, it is red. Wishcons, may mean a small beaver lodge.

Missouri is a name first given in Marquette's journal, and evidently Algonquin. In an Illinois dictionary I find the word with the meaning given Canoe. In Baraga's Dictionary, for it is muddy, he gives ajishkiwika, but no word like Missouri.

Iowa is written at first Aioues, and was applied to a tribe of Indians, and would seem to be simply Ajawa—across, beyond, as if to say the tribe beyond the river.

Texas was a name applied to a confederacy, and is said by Mord, in his Manuscript History of Texas, to mean friends.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Gentle People.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of soiling her hands, the miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People.—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, the correspondent who cannot find the time to answer your letter.

Humble People.—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him too much honor.

Persecuted People.—Woman by that tyrant man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Timid People.—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and the steamboat company with the cholera.

Mean People.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Unpopular People.—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on parade.

Unhappy People.—Old bachelors and old maids.

Sensible People.—You and I.

TO A BEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARIE S. LADD.

I marvel much, O bee,
At thy strange industry;
Throughout the languid hours,
By roadside, or in bowers—
Heat seeming naught to thee
Thou sipp'st the sweet from flowers.

With rancor in thy tone
Perhaps thou meet'st a drone,
Whether a bee or man.
Exact to nature's plan
Thou, almost, art alone,
And surely lead'st the van.

Tireless thy gauzy wing,
O grave and busy thing!
Lessons enough we learn
From thee, and from the store
Experience of thy sting,
We oft unwisely earn.

I, who in childish days,
When listening to thy praise,
Oft wished quite merrily
That I a bee could be—
Now think in sadder phrase
'Tis well to be a bee.

WHAT WAS IT?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

You ask me if I believe in ghosts.
I do.
There was a time, when, if you had asked me that question, I should have answered no, emphatically. But now I honestly believe that the dead come back to us.

Let me tell you *why*. I believe this strange theory of spirit visitations.

John Brayton and myself were chums at college. We were inseparable friends. Our studies were the same, and our tastes and inclinations led us in the same direction.

We had fanciful ideas about the future life, and often sat until after midnight talking about spirits, and ghosts, and supernatural manifestations.

John was rather inclined to believe in the existence of what we call ghosts. Not because he had ever seen anything of the kind, but the idea seemed plausible to him that, if a person had an existence in the spirit after death, it could make itself visible to those left behind on earth.

"I don't know about it," I used to say. "Why, if your supposition is true, don't we hear of them oftener? Why don't some friend of yours or mine come back to us, and bring us a revelation from the after life?"

"I don't know," John would answer. "I can't understand it, but I believe that people *do* see spirits, and that this hue and cry of 'imagination' is wrong and foolish. We can't doubt the evidence of so many people's senses. Some may be deceived by their over-excited imagination, but when a person who doesn't believe in the existence of spirits, or in supernatural manifestations of any kind tells us that he has seen a ghost, a spirit, or whatever you may call it, are we justified in laying it to 'imagination?' I think not."

"When I see one, I will believe," I would say, laughing.

One night we had been reading of a supposed ghost which had made its appearance to several members of a family residing not far from the town in which the college we were attending was situated. We had reviewed the whole ghost theory carefully, and looked at it from all its standpoints. I was still unconvinced of its truth, but John was firm in the belief that spirits really revisited the earth, and talked with those who had known them before death.

"If I could see one I would believe," I said.

"And not till then?" John asked.

"Not till then," I answered. "I must have the evidence of my own senses before I could believe."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," John said at length, after a long silence. "If I die first I'll promise to come back to you. And if you die first you must promise to do the same to me. Will you?"

"Yes," I answered unhesitatingly.

We shook hands on it, and the matter dropped for that night with our singular agreement.

After we graduated we separated, and I saw no more of John for several years.

Once in a while I heard from him. He had gone to India as clerk in a large importing-house, and was doing well I learned.

I married and settled down, and was very happy with my wife and children. The old and fanciful theories and speculations about the future, and the existence of spirits gradually faded out of my mind in the accumulating care and business which developed itself about me, and were nearly forgotten.

One night I was sitting with my wife and children about the sparkling fire on the hearth. It was a dark and disagreeable night. The snow fell thick and fast out of doors, and the wind blew in fierce, wild gusts about the house, and wailed among the leafless branches of the trees.

There seemed to be something depressing in the influence of the scene, for, although the fire blazed brightly, and crackled as cheerfully as any fire could, and the house was snug and cosey, and we were all together in our happy home-circle, but little was said. One by one the children dropped off to sleep, and were put into their little white beds, and by-and-by my wife and I sat alone together before the fire, while the wind wailed and shrieked about the windows as if it asked to be admitted.

I felt restless and uneasy. I tried to read, but could not get interested in my book and laid it by. Then we tried to talk—but somehow we could not sustain a cheerful conversation, and again a silence fell about us, broken only by the snapping of the fire, and the lonesome wailing of the wind.

I got up and went to the window and looked out. The snow was falling fast, and the world was wrapped in shadow.

I dropped the curtain, and came back to the fire, and sat down. Neither my wife nor I spoke.

By-and-by the clock struck ten.

Suddenly I became aware of a strange influence which seemed to pervade the room. It was similar to the feeling you have sometimes when you *feel* some one is near, and lift your eyes and see them before you. I *felt* the presence of some one or something, and I think my wife did also, for she moved about uneasily, and seemed restless and disturbed, although she said nothing.

All at once I heard a sound like the moving of wind in a pine forest. It was almost like a sigh. I started up and looked about me.

And there, in the farther corner of the room, among the shadows, was something that sent the blood tingling swiftly through my veins and left me pale, I am sure. Something white, vapory, and shadow-like—a shadow made out of other shadows. It was the form of a man, and looking at the shadowy face I recognized the features of my friend, John Brayton!

"John!" I cried. "Is it you?

The shadow bowed, and a voice spoke to me, like a whisper of the wind, but it was John's voice; I heard it distinctly as ever I heard any voice, and so did Mary:

"I have come back to fulfil my promise!"

And then the shadow faded away like a mist in the firelight, and was gone!

"Paul, what was it?" my wife asked, in a weak, frightened voice.

I could not answer her question, but I believed it to be the spirit of my friend. I believe it now.

Three weeks after that I read in a foreign paper of the death of John Brayton on the 23d of December, at Bombay. And it was at 10 o'clock on the 23d of December that John Brayton's ghost, or spirit, came to me, in fulfilment of the promise made so long before.

If it was *not* his ghost, *what was it?*

MY VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LETTICE THORPE.

When about eighteen years of age I was fully convinced that nature had been very bountiful to me in the way of ability and intellect, and so carried my head very high in consequence, allowing my delicate nose to take the same upward tendency whenever any youth of my own age presumed to intrude himself upon my notice. No masculine thing under thirty could I tolerate for a moment. At this period of crude complacency I went to spend a few weeks with my aunt in the country. She lived in a pleasant village, with everything convenient and desirable about her, but her great trouble was to get and keep servants. They were not willing to go so far away from the city, so that sometimes she was obliged to do her own work for weeks and weeks. One day I knew that she wanted to visit a neighboring town, but was deterred from going on account of having no girl.

"I will wash the dishes, aunty," I said, "and sweep the rooms, so you need not stay at home for that."

"But May, there is bread to be attended to. Can you knead it?"

"Well, I never did do it, but then of course I can if I try."

She smiled dubiously, but finally concluded to go and leave me in charge of the house. So, after her departure, I tied on a pretty pink apron, rolled up my sleeves, and despatched the dishes in very quick time. Then I heated the oven, and seizing the bread, prepared to make equally quick work of that. But what was the matter with the stuff? I plunged my hands with most commendable enthusiasm right into the dough, and there they stuck. I pulled this way and that way, but neither force nor gentle persuasion could induce that dough to take unto itself the symmetrical form of loaves. A sad feeling of depression came over me, a mortifying consciousness that I had over-estimated my own powers; but just at that moment an angel of mercy appeared in the person of our nearest neighbor.

"O, Mrs. Burton," I exclaimed, "please tell me what the matter is with this dough, it sticks so!"

"Why, my dear child," she exclaimed, with an amused smile, "you should put flour on your hands. Here, I will do it for you."

So I retired ignominiously from the field, convinced that the paths of the youthful housekeeper are mysterious and thorny. Before I had scraped all the dough off my hands the bread was in the pans ready to be baked.

"Remember, my dear, and let it stand awhile. Then it must bake about an hour," and my kind friend left me.

I followed the directions given me, and when I thought it time for the bread to be done I took out one loaf, and held it up to hear if it was still singing. But alas! I held it a little too close, and the hot edge of the pan came in contact with my cheek, leaving a furious looking scar the whole length of my face. I wished that bread at the bottom of the frog pond—not that I minded the pain so much, it was the detriment to my beauty that pierced my heart more particularly, because my aunt was expecting every day a gentleman from New York, whom I had intended to slaughter at the very first interview, and indeed had been studiously perfecting my arrangements thereto. But now, thus branded like a felon, what damage could I do him or any other man? It was too cruel. The smarting began to be pretty severe, so I ran to a jar, and seizing a huge lump of butter, besmeared my face with it. Then remembering that flour was also recommended, I rubbed on a considerable supply of that; and last of all I applied molasses, convinced that one of the three remedies would prove efficacious. But as I was replacing the jug I hit a pan of eggs that was on the shelf, and down it came—the pan and four dozen eggs—crack, smash, bang—four *dozen* eggs—yolks and whites indiscriminately mingled, some breaking on my chignon (I wore one of them,) some on my shoulders, some on the shelves, some on the floor. "Mercy! goodness! gracious! *horrors!*" were the exclamations, more girlish than elegant, that escaped my lips as I felt the amber streams trickling down my face. Turning pensively from the scene of disaster, I saw right before me at the open kitchen door the finest looking man that I had ever beheld.

"Is Mrs. Mather—" he began, and then, utterly unable to control himself, he laughed until I thought he never would stop.

I was perfectly furious, but a bright thought came to me. "An' is it laughin' at me ye'd be? Faith, an' its no jintleman yese are, to be pokin' fun at a poor coleen."

"Excuse me," he said, "but you do look so very funny;" and he held a pocket glass right before my face. I did not consider it at all funny, but barbarously cruel. This very stranger, before whose bewildered vision I had expected to hover in all the witchery of crimps, paniers and floating draperies, to pounce upon me at such a moment, all covered with flour, molasses and clinging egg shells! If it had been a Pawnee chieftain, his taste might have been fully satisfied, but this elegant gentleman! I could scarcely keep back the tears.

"The mistress is out," I said, savagely.

"Will she be back this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell her, then, that Mr. Jamieson has arrived, and will be here to-night."

"Yes, sir," and much to my relief he left me. I went back to my eggs. "How shall I clear up the horrid stuff?" I asked myself in despair. Finally I nerved myself to the task, and went down humbly upon my knees; but broken eggs are very treacherous, and slipping, I fell with my nose right into the sticky substance. For ten minutes I wished myself a man, that I might say something very forcible and very naughty, and I did not recover the usual high tone of my morals until I had cleaned everything, taken a refreshing bath, and composed myself to sleep. I was very tired, so that I did not wake until after my aunt's return. She laughed heartily at the account of my trials, but promised not to betray my ignorance. At supper Uncle David, man like, asked what the matter was with the bread, that it did not seem quite as good as usual.

"Well," my aunt replied, "I did not have time to attend to it," and I inwardly blessed her for not exposing me. The stranger did not come until the next day, and then, when I knew he was in the garden, I put on my finest silk stockings and tiniest kid slippers, for, I said to myself, "this scar has so injured the comeliness of my face, that my feet must do double duty," and I surveyed them with pardonable satisfaction. Then I went tripping down the stairs, or at least I intended to do so, but my foot slipped, and I rolled from the top to the bottom, repeating the insane performance several times upon the gravel walk. Strong arms lifted and aided me in regaining my equilibrium, and a manly voice inquired—

"Do you *always* come down stairs in that way? I should think that it would be less dangerous to walk."

"If girls will wear those confounded high heels they may expect to have their necks broken," growled my uncle.

I was so mortified and angry, that I turned away without uttering a word in reply, and limped up the stairs again. I was quite badly bruised, in spirit as well as body, and going to my room I threw myself upon the bed and cried like a baby, in which melancholy condition my aunt found me.

"Why, May," she said, "tell me where you are hurt?"

"Everywhere," I sobbed, "and I think that man is perfectly detestable."

"What, Mr. Jamieson? I thought you would like him very much. Was he impolite?"

"He was just hateful. He laughed at me when I fell down the steps, and it seems my mission to afford him amusement."

"But, May, he came to me looking very much concerned, and told me that I had better follow you at once."

"Well, I never want to see him again as long as I live."

"O, you'll think differently in the morning. Let me see where you are hurt."

So she bathed by bruised body, although she could not administer much soothing balm to my wounded vanity. It did not keep me awake, however, for I went to sleep after awhile, and did not open my eyes again until the morning sun came smiling in at my windows. My feelings towards Mr. Jamieson were not amicable, and I avoided him as much as possible, hoping for some opportunity to be revenged upon him for the repeated mortification he had caused me, and this wicked wish was gratified much sooner than it deserved to be. I was sitting one day upon a side piazza greatly interested in a book that I was reading, when I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming very rapidly towards the house. A moment afterwards my uncle's Billy appeared in sight, evidently quite unmanagable, and just as he entered the yard, he gave a sudden jump, throwing his rider, Mr. Jamieson, violently upon the ground. Here was the opportunity so ardently desired, and although I trembled from head to foot, I approached him very quietly, and inquired in what I intended for sarcastic tones—

"Why, do you *always* dismount your horse in this way? I should think that it would be less dangerous to jump."

"O," he said feebly, "that is you, little Miss Wilmot. Why are women like cats?"

"Because they adorn the domestic hearth," I replied, "I suppose you are not asking me a connundrum."

"No, but that was not the reason," he said, raising himself upon his feet with evident pain and difficulty.

"Will you lean upon my shoulder?" I asked.

"Lean upon you? I should as soon think of leaning upon a pink and white honeysuckle."

"Perhaps you would prefer a broomstick then?"

"It would depend upon the manner of its application altogether."

"Well, I think you deserve it *this* way," and I raised my hand in a threatening manner that did not seem to alarm him much, "but, considering the circumstances, I will go and ask uncle to come and help you," and I ran into the house, and did as I had promised. "Little Miss Wilmot," I repeated, indignantly, "one would suppose he was talking to a baby," and I determined to assume a chilly haughtiness that would soon awe him into a recognition of my mature womanhood; but the next day my lofty resolution all melted into thin air, when I saw how sick and miserable he looked, and I vied with my aunt in endeavors to make him easy and comfortable.

"Thank you, little one," he said, after I had shaken up his pillows for him, and taking my hand in his, he pressed it to his lips. I drew it quickly away, and assuming the attitude of a Siddons, I was about to utter a remonstrance after the same sublime model, but he had already closed his eyes, and seemed to be asleep. Feeling inexpressibly silly, I left the room, assuring myself that I disliked him more than ever. But he did not recover his health for several weeks, so that I became his almost constant attendant. One day, when he was lying upon the sofa, I went to him and asked if he would like to have me read something.

"Do you know *how* to read?" he asked in reply.

"Well, yes, in small words."

"There are few, very few persons that can read, Miss Wilmot."

"You want to know whether I read well, or not—yes, I do."

"Then I should be very happy to listen to you." So I selected "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and when I had finished he looked pleased, and said: "You like that I know, now read me "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

"No, that is too sentimental."

"Nonsense, I want to hear you read it." So I did as directed, and at the conclusion, he inquired how I had learned to read so well.

"I was determined to be a good reader," I said, "and studied hard."

"You have studied to some purpose. Can you sing?"

"Yes sir."

"Then sing me to sleep as you would a baby."

"But I always take babies in my arms," I replied thoughtlessly.

"I should not object to that arrangement," he said demurely.

"*I* should, however," was my quick rejoinder, and I began at once to sing. He fell asleep, sure enough, and I went away to think and dream about this man that I disliked so excessively. I gathered a bouquet of violets, and told the new girl to place them on his table, and the next morning he appeared with a few of them in his button-hole, which made me blush desperately.

"How did you know that violets were my favorite flowers?" he asked me afterwards.

"Intuition, I suppose," was my careless reply, and he seated himself beside me.

"May," he began again, "you like me better than you did I think. I did not mean to fall in love with you I assure you, I am over thirty years old, and should marry a woman nearer my age, while you should have a younger mate than I."

"No indeed," I exclaimed emphatically, "I cannot endure boys, they are so silly."

"Well, I am no longer a boy, that is certain, and I made some very sensible resolutions, but circumstances have brought us very near together little one, and now May, I love you dearly, and if I cannot win you, I shall remain a crusty old bachelor all my life. What do you say?"

I laid my hand in his, saying, "I will save you from such a dreadful fate," and then. But that is of no consequence.

"May," said my aunt that evening, "you must learn to make bread now."

"I took her advice, and my husband says that I am an excellent housekeeper, although my attempts at playing Biddy were a great failure. My brogue did not deceive him, and I have never resorted to it since.

☞ The Pekin Gazette contains the following important intelligence: "The permission to use a yellow bridle previously granted to Hai-li-pa-cha-erh-cha-pu, a Mongolian noble of the fourth rank, is withdrawn, it having been discovered that no such privilege has ever been allowed to nobles of either the third or fourth rank."

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TO A ROSEBUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. C. H.

A tiny little rosebud—
Her fairer than the day,
Was given me by a maiden,
One lovely morn in May.

I valued bud and maiden,
As both to me e'er dear,
So wore it in my bosom,
Unto my heart quite near.

* * *

A little withered rosebud,
Still resting against my heart,
Brings my fond recollections
That never will depart.

But she, that lovely maiden!
Hath withered like the flower;
Yet her spirit comes to cheer me
Through every day and hour.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NIGH UNTO DEATH.

Furious and impetuous as Mark Jarrett continued during the progress to the Hokeby Mansion, resolved to remove Daisy thence, whatever obstacles might present themselves to him, and determined as Colonel Waldron urged himself to be on to the bitter end, both were completely taken aback, on their arrival at their destination—the first to learn that, though Daisy had been there, she had departed again, whither no one on the establishment could tell; and the latter to find, to his bewildering horror, that Gabrielle had taken flight, it was rumored in the household, to contract a clandestine marriage—with whom was a profound secret.

Mark Jarrett did not waste a minute, but dashed away again as impetuously as he had gone thither, and Colonel Waldron, sick and distracted, made his way to his chambers, to meditate upon the best course to pursue in the new situation.

Poor Daisy, in the meanwhile, once out of the Hokeby mansion, and fairly launched again into a labyrinth of streets, felt herself to be very like a waif cast upon an unknown ocean, fretted with restless, roaring, surging waves, hurrying and whirling hither and thither, and bearing her she knew not where.

Yet in her early girlhood, Mark Jarrett had impressed upon her mind certain practical maxims, to be acted upon in moments of emergency, and in several instances she had experienced the benefit of availing herself of them.

As she now moved onward with a flurried mind, alone, bewildered by the throngs of wayfarers driving and "pushing along," all apparently bent on completing the business they had in hand before they parted with the last breath then on its way to their throats, it struck her that they all knew not only *where* they were going, but the shortest or most direct way to it, while she who had made "the Grange" her destination knew no more what direction to take than if it had been that "lake of oblivion," which Sadak discovered in such an unusual and not altogether practicable way.

For a little while she felt perplexed and distressed, because, although with a quick step she proceeded along the broad flags, she did not know whether she was approaching the Grange or leaving it behind her; and anddenly, as if by a habit of trained thoughts, she remembered that Mark Jarrett had counselled her, in all cases where she might be placed in a position of doubt and uncertainty, and in which there might be likewise some hidden peril, to pause and think before she acted. She stopped on the instant and applied the axiom, for she had on a few occasions found it of great service to her.

As soon as she commenced to think, she remembered that there was a railway-station within a few miles of the Grange, and even while this recollection was passing through her memory she saw a large printed board outside the door of a bookseller's shop, on which appeared in large letters, "*Railway time-tables kept here*"—a most unusual circumstance, we admit. Without a moment's loss of time she entered the shop and was confronted by a youth in his adolescence, with a pimpling, pallid face, embrowned by myriads of freckles, and framed by a profusion of lank, auburn hair, which looked like a wig of sanguine sea weed.

Daisy raised her veil, and timidly inquired whether he knew which railway had a station at Hazelbrook.

"Adolescens" was weak in the matter of female beauty, and he at once believed that Hebe, having seen him from the region of the gods, had descended from above, and had come to make acquaintance with him, on the transparent pretext of buying a penny time-table. His face immediately appeared to diminish, and his eyes to enlarge, so that, like the sea-serpent, he seemed to be all eyes and mane. He gasped something out inarticulately, which Daisy did not quite catch, and being rather startled by the change that had come over him, she dropped her veil and repeated her question.

Adolescens placed his two rows of knuckles on the counter, squared his elbows out at right angles, and urged forward his eyes and mane in her direction. In his blandest and sweetest accents, as if solicitous to make an instant and decided impression, he said, more audibly—

"'Azelbrook, I thinks you said, miss? 'Azelbrook. A—you couldn't tell me what—a—county—it—are—in, could you?"

His master, a sharp, quick, active man, and like his assistant, by no means dead to an appreciation of youthful feminine loveliness, was immediately behind him, and having also seen Daisy's sweetest of sweet faces, pushed him rudely on one side.

"Hazelbrook, miss," he exclaimed, with an air of inflated authority; "it is on the borders of Sussex, I think, 'bout four miles from Black Down, where the finest view in England is to be seen. I know it—"

"Yes, yes, that is the place," interposed Daisy, with delighted eagerness.

"Ah!" resumed the bookseller, with the confidence of one "who knew all about it." "South-Western. Main line. South-Western time-table, one penny—that's your book. Thankye, miss," he added, as he received a silver coin in payment. "Let me show you the place to find it, miss. Railway time-tables beat the puzzles of the Chinese hollow. There you are, miss—four forty-five—Waterloo station." Then he raised his eyes to a German clock-dial at the back of the shop, and appended, sagaciously, "If you want to go by that train, a cab will take you there so as to just catch it."

"I am so very much obliged. I so wish to get there without any delay," responded Daisy, with grateful sweetness of voice.

A four-wheel cab—a crawler as those which creep along the streets plying for hire are termed—passed the shop at this moment, and the bookseller displayed exemplary excitement instanter, as he ran his eye over the slight, graceful form of Daisy.

"Ho, Sprinks," he shouted to his young man, "stop that four-wheeler. Hi! look sharp, idiot. Hi! bolt, bolt, you sloth! Hi hi, stop him! After him, you creeping snail! Hi!"

Had Daisy been pug-nosed, moon-faced, with a cast in one of a brace of green eyes, would this bookseller with a vivid sense of the beautiful have betrayed this unusual animation? Why not?

The "sloth" and "creeping snail" gnashed his teeth at these epithets of opprobrium, and hated his master on the instant with a sick loathing; but he dissembled. Affecting to be engaged in a five-mile hurdle race, he gave his chestnut mane a flourish backwards, opened his eyes until they seemed flaming bull's eyes, vaulted over the counter at a bound, upset a tall chair, groaning under a load of publications and pamphlets which his master had just carefully sorted, darted like the "bounding roe" out of the shop, cannoned against a patriarch with the gout, and introduced him to the broad and muddy gutter, raced out into the roadway, and scattering an old woman's wheelbarrow of cat's meat into a thousand pieces, upon which hardy dogs instantly pounced, he yelled like a delirious maniac—

"Hi! hi! hi!"

All this frenzy because of the advent of an elegant girl with a lovely face was rewarded with success. The cab returned at a gallop, for the driver needed a fare sadly. Daisy instantly entered it, and she unwillingly cut Adolescens to the soul, by giving him, instead of the tips of her fingers, as with a sudden faintness he fancied she was about to do, the coppers she had received in change for the coin with which she had paid for the time-table. And "she was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream."

As he fell away, resolved to treat his master for a week at least with withering reserve, a man who had been loitering opposite the shop took up pursuit of the cab, and went after it at a sharp pace, but not sharp enough.

For though the cabman galloped his horse, receiving in payment, with a grin of wonder, more than he had asked, even having done his best to save the train, as the youth with the flowing mane had counselled him, Daisy had barely time to get her ticket, and tripping at her best to the platform, spring into a first-class carriage ere the train was in motion—gliding off as a man panting for breath beat savagely at the closed door of the pay-place, demanding in gasps a ticket for Hazlebrook—going at full speed as a man struggled fiercely with check-takers and porters, swearing that he would go on by that train, ticket or no ticket, to Hazelbrook.

Daisy alighted at the little old Saxon town, having ridden thus far alone, passed up the main street on to the hills above, and through the lonely lanes, dark and gloomy with lush hedges and overhanging trees, leading to the source of the Hazel, undismayed at the distance before her, or that she was quite unprotected. She little dreamed how much she was indebted to the cabman who had driven her so well to the railway-station for being saved from the companionship of one in these lonely roads who would have probably made her seek in death a refuge from his merciless ruffianism.

But she gained the immediate precincts of the Grange in safety, unmolested even by a night beetle, or croaked at by a toad.

She beheld with feelings of quiet joy the grim old gables, and the black-pointed, bell-shaped roofs of the but too-well remembered building rising above the dark gray tree-tops, and with equal pleasure observed a long, thin spiral column of pale blue smoke ascending from one of the many tall chimneys, denoting that there was life within, although there reigned the stillness and the motionlessness of death without.

She hastened along the well-known winding walk kept sacred to her when she resided at the Grange, and she had yet in her possession the little master-key which gave her, and her alone, admission to all the communications with the suit of rooms which Mark Jarrett had had absolutely constructed for her in such a way that she could at will shut out intruders of all kinds.

In a few minutes she found herself within her own little, much-loved apartment, which had been devoted to her, arranged by her, and now looked the coziest and pleasantest nook she knew of in the world. It was precisely as she had left it. Nothing had been disturbed, and it had a chill, melancholy aspect only because there was no fire in the grate, and the blind was drawn down.

She unfastened a door leading to a corridor connected with the more public portion of the building and listened. Not a sound met her ear. It was as if she stood in the passage of a catacomb. She did not fear this almost oppressive silence. On the contrary, she felt reassured by it. She re-entered the room, and rang a bell suddenly and sharply.

The peal of the bell, which she heard, startled her for the moment, and she almost quailed when she heard a slow, heavy tread beating on the floor of the corridor, approaching the room, and immediately afterwards saw a brawny countrywoman, with a nut-brown face, hair drawn in plaits, glaring at her, and gasping as if she were the descendant of the whale which swallowed Jonah.

Daisy instantly recognized her, and in a few words allayed her horrified surprise. She hurriedly informed her that she had left London for a time, and had come to pass some weeks at the Grange alone.

"You know well, dear Mrs. Prebble, that I am captious, wayward, self-willed, capricious," she proceeded, in her sweet, winning tones, which, nevertheless, were more pensive than the old housekeeper had ever heard them before. "I have an earnest wish, I have important reasons, to pass my days for some time to come in seclusion—in the very strictest seclusion, dear Mrs. Prebble. Be so good, therefore, to arrange that I shall not be intruded upon by any one—by any one in the world—that no living creature but yourself shall even know that I am here. Will you do this for me?"

"Will I? Won't I, sweetheart, eh? What would not I do for thee?" cried the old woman, hysterically, scarcely yet out of her fright. "I knew you'd be back again soon. I allus said so. Bless us, the horses have drooped for 'ee, the dogs have hung their heads sadly, the birds have pined, the doves have moped, the chicks have ruffled their feathers, the flowers have hung their heads, and the Lord be good to us, how the winds have sighed, and moaned and groaned, through the grand old trees ever since the Wild Flower of Hazlebrook were transplanted. Eh, but we'll have sunshine and bird warblings now to quicken the blood and make the heart beat joyfully. I'll do your bidding, sweet Miss Daisy. If you will cage yourself you shall, but you shall have brightness, and pleasantness, and cheerfulness about thee."

The old woman kept her word. She took into her confidence a girl of sixteen, as broad as she was high, and as strong as she was heavy, and before Daisy could have hoped for it she found her apartments in as habitable order as they were before she quitted them.

As soon as Mrs. Prebble and the girl had taken their departure, Daisy glanced round her with a feeling of security and fancied satisfaction. She moved from place to place, examined the various articles ornamenting the room, which had either been the selection of her own taste, or had been furnished by Mark Jarrett to humor or to please her, and she said to herself that she should be "so happy now."

Said this to herself with a feeling of desolation and loneliness, which but for her courage and determination would have been insupportable.

She should, she also said to herself, be so secure from offensive intrusion, so safe from insult, so undisturbed, and free to think over her ill-starred love, and to build up schemes of happiness which might have been realized if Heaven had so willed it. With unrestrained liberty, too, to mentally dwell on the personal attractions of Wil, to pour out upon his idealized form all the wealth of her idolatry, to invest him and clothe him with every attribute of perfection, and to nestle his image in her heart, though she had to abandon the original forever.

Her sense of security did not, however, prevent her using a safeguard with which Mark Jarrett had provided her during the time she inhabited that lonely wing, companioned only by her maid, Muggy. It was an alarm, which, when once set, rang violently if any door or window in the immediate vicinity of her chambers were attempted to be opened or forced from without.

The first night she did not sleep at all. The next day, although the grounds without seemed to invite her to visit them, she did not move out of her room.

Indeed, she received a fright, for on approaching one of the windows, before the sun had reached the meridian, she saw a man standing on a path beneath her, looking steadfastly up at her window. Her blood ran back to her heart, for she fancied she recognized the face of Abel Stoke. The man, however, wore a hairy cap, and the rough clothes of a railway laborer; and as he moved quickly away with a slouching gait, on being discovered she concluded he was only a wayfarer seeking assistance while tramping from one part of the country to another.

In the night she was awakened by the ringing of the night alarm, which continued its sharp din until she had leaped from her bed, and hastily attired herself preparatory to summoning aid. Yet, when it had ceased, and she sat listening for the terrifying sounds which would tell her that some one with fell intention was trying to force his way into her suite of rooms, an unbroken stillness reigned, as if to show that the intruder, alarmed by the sounds, had beaten a retreat, or the alarm had not been properly set, and had gone off of its own accord.

In the morning she spoke of it; but Mrs. Prebble knew nothing about it, although there seemed to be something on her mind which did not slate her. Once, too, she said, with compressed lips, and a determined jerk of the head—

"I promised thee shouldn't be broken in upon, an' thee shan't neither while I bide here."

Daisy looked up in alarm.

"Has any one tried to see me? Surely no one but you knows that I am here at the Grange?" she questioned, quickly and disquietedly.

"Don't thee fear, sweetheart," returned Mrs. Prebble with the resolution of a veteran warrior; "thee'rt as safe here as if with a queen in her castle, an' a shan't just breathe a word to thee, though he be king o' Israel himself."

"Who?" questioned Daisy, with distended orbs.

"Don't thee ask no questions, dear young lady," replied Mrs. Prebble, with a movement of her head, expressive of her sense of her own strength of purpose. "I packed 'un off. Won't show his face here again some time, I warr'nt, though he be—who he be."

"To whom are you alluding? Pray tell me," interrogated Daisy, with disquietude, for it was clear to her some one had been trying to obtain an interview with her, and it was of no little importance to her that she should know who it was.

But Mrs. Prebble declined to satisfy her, and urged upon her the propriety of feeling as safe there and in the neighborhood as she had always hitherto done.

"There bain't nobody here to hurt a hair o' thy beautiful head, Miss Daisy," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Every one hereabouts would give their lives for'ee, thee knowst. Why, when I told John Dyke, the trainer, thee wert here—"

"Told him I was here?" echoed Daisy, faintly. "I thought—"

"Nay, I couldn't help telling of him," acknowledged Mrs. Prebble, a shade passing over her face, as if she doubted now whether she had done right, "because he have got that old favorite o' thine, Reindeer, under his care. He says it be fit now to run for a king's life, if ever it were; and he says to me, says he, 'If on'y our beautiful young huntress, the star o' the county, Miss Daisy, wur down here, what a mortal sight o' good it would do the pair if they wur to take a ten or fifteen mile spin overthe downs together.'"

A flush mounted to the cheeks of Daisy; a dancing gleam brightened her lustrous eyes. She involuntarily put her hands together as if reins were within them, and her bosom heaved as she ejaculated—

"How delightful!"

"Ah," appended the old dame, with a chuckle, "I knew't, an' I said to 'un, 'John if thee'll keep my counsel like a man, Miss Daisy shall ride Reindeer for'ee;' an' I up an' teld him, miss, an' he swore he wouldn't tell no livin' soul—ay, an' he swore he wouldn't mind partin' with half the years he may have to live if he could see Mark Jarrett's Daisy in saddle again."

"He shall have his wish without paying such a price for it. I will ride Reindeer, tell him," exclaimed Daisy, with almost feverish excitement. "I, too, yearn to be in the saddle once more. I have some habits here, I know—"

"I have kept 'em ready aired for your use," responded Mrs. Prebble, promptly. "Knew you'd need 'em."

Daisy forgot all precautions to prevent her presence at the Grange being known—all menaces of danger to herself, hidden or open. It was not alone an enthusiasm, but almost a delirium of recklessness, which determined her to don her hunting costume and hasten to the stables.

She found John Dyke there alone, with Reindeer, saddled, awaiting her. The horse she saw at a glance was in splendid condition, with a coat as bright and as soft as the finest satin ever produced by loom. A touch from her hand, an encouraging word from her mouth, and the noble animal instantly pricked up its ears, whinnied, and pranced. A glittering drop stood in the eye of John Dyke, as, with a respectful touch of his hat, he said, huskily—

"I'd a bet my life again' a wisp of straw he'd know you again, Miss Daisy."

"My beauty!" she ejaculated, as she patted his arched neck, and made up her mind for the future to call him Wil.

Up in the saddle, out of the ground sat a canter, over the hills at a gallop, she flew like the wind. Her long, beautiful hair streaming behind her, her seat the perfection of firmness and grace, she looked the impersonation of a young, lovely Diana—after the manner of the moderns.

Like a spirit, glowing with delight and with supreme enjoyment, she made her way at a top speed through obstacles and over impediments which would have made a fearless rider think twice before he attempted them. Over a tall hedge, among a party of rustics, and gone like a flash of lightning.

"There goes Mark Jarrett's Daisy!" burst from every lip as soon as they had recovered from their affright, and she had vanished.

"There goes Mark Jarrett's Daisy!" cried ploughmen and hedgers, road-makers and laborers, as they saw her, sweeping like a flying cloud, as it were, over the land, take what shape it might. "Glad she be back again, too!"

For several days this went on without interruption, save that twice, in a plantation which led down to the Grange, and through which she mostly took her way on her return to it, a man suddenly leaped from some undergrowth, beneath which he had certainly lain hidden, and made a sudden grasp at the bridle of her horse.

A touch with her whip and a word from her mouth, and her horse had bounded forward a dozen yards in advance of the assailant, and a smart gallop had in a minute or two left him behind, out of her ken.

The second time this happened, she caught a glimpse of the man's features, and she was almost convinced, in spite of a rough disguise which he had adopted, and which made him look half navigator, half poacher, that he was Abel Stoke. This impression made her feel uneasy, and fear she scarce knew what. She did not actually apprehend any violence from him, but she could not forget that he had always betrayed a rude affection for her; and even now, though she remembered his recent declaration of passion but too vividly, she did not imagine that he had more in his mind respecting her than would urge him to repeat his exceedingly offensive protestations of love.

She was not sure the man she had seen was Abel, and, therefore, she said nothing either to John Dyke or Mrs. Prebble. She only quietly resolved to ride in another direction, and return by a different route, so that she should escape further molestation by the person who had previously made a dash at her horse's head, Abel Stoke or not.

She stayed within for a day, and did not even approach her window, fearing to look upon the face which had begun imperceptibly to raise up within her a feeling of dread. Again that night she was roused up by the violent ringing of the alarm, and to her terror, in a few minutes she heard a violent altercation outside the door which commanded an entrance to her suite of rooms. She felt certain she distinguished the voice of old Martin Stoke raised to an angry pitch; but the voices suddenly ceased, and as abruptly the old grim stillness reigned as before.

In the morning Mrs. Prebble did not appear, and the square-built girl who waited upon her was so palpably not a question-answering animal that Daisy forebore putting one to her.

She decided at first to keep her chamber again all that day; but she felt feverish and nervous, restless, and without reflection or consultation with herself, she found herself at the stable-door—nay, on the back of Reindeer, galloping over the bushy, dark heaths on Black Down, with the fresh, bracing, fragrant air cooling her hot brow, exhilarating her, and driving away the gloomy fears and disturbing apprehensions which, combined with other oppressing thoughts, had made her feel painfully dejected.

She saw near to her, skirting her left hand, a small wood, and with a slight shudder she avoided it, took a downward direction to the more level land below, and clearing a hawthorn hedge of decent height, she found herself in some broad grass-land, stretching down to a wind of the river Hazel. Instantly there flashed on her mind the memory of her race over this very ground with Mrs. Rokeby, and the subsequent salvation of her life. How well she remembered Wil's look of speechless, passionate gratitude! What a blinding rush of hot, hot, bitter tears that recollection brought into her lids, and blinded her! Beloved Wil! If he were only with her now, riding over the ground which had so deep an interest to them both!

As if her wish were answered with the quickness of her thought, she heard the thud of a horse's hoofs in the field behind her, as if it had taken the hedge she had just cleared. Then followed the clatter of its iron shoes on the turf in pursuit of her, and she turned her face hastily rearward—to see within a few paces of her Abel Stoke, mounted on a fine hunter, whose qualities seemed to be equal to those of Reindeer.

There was no doubt about the man this time. He had resumed his smart groom's dress, and had placed his identification beyond a doubt.

A moment more, and he was up at her saddle-girths. There was an angry, determined look upon his flushed face, without the faintest trace of consideration, tenderness, or deference. It betrayed only resolute, selfish wilfulness, bent on the gratification of its incitements, regardless and reckless of all consequences.

She saw this, glanced hastily around her, and became conscious that there was no living creature in sight who could tender her protection from this man's insults, or even aid her in any way.

She tightened her grip of the bridle, and took her horse well in hand, as she heard the spluttering voice of Abel, hissing between his teeth:

"You have not doubled upon me, you see, Miss Daisy, though you put all the fools yonder at fault. You see you are my life-blood. Without you I can't, I won't live. Without me you shan't live. You shall be the love, the bride, the darling, the wife of Abel Stoke, or no living man shall have you, so help me the Lord!"

The last terrible words did not reach her ears, for she had suddenly applied the whip to Reindeer, uttered the cry he knew so well, given him his head, and he had shot forward with her like an arrow from a bow, leaving in a second Abel Stoke fifty yards behind him.

Abel Stoke had, however, nothing to learn on this head. He knew very well the capabilities of the rider with whom he might have to compete in a race, and he had contrived to secure a very superior mount. Consequently, after the first surprise, he uttered a loud cheer to his horse, brought down his whip with terrific force on its flanks, plunged his spurs up to the rowels in its sides mercilessly, and dashed after her at a tremendous pace.

He had been undeniably frank with her, and every word he had uttered he had meant. If anything were needed to confirm him in his desperate resolve, it was the almost new beauty her face exhibited under the influence of the fresh, pure air, the invigorating exercise, and the excitement which his unexpected appearance and language had occasioned her.

He had calculated upon a conversation, in which he weakly thought she might be induced to "listen to reason." If not, he determined to pause at no act, no crime, which would compel her to become his with her own assent, knowing that she would be worthy of no man ever more.

But he was not prepared for her calm look of lofty scorn, and though she fled from him, her look of defiance, which seemed in her own mind to place her on a pinnacle far beyond any point which he could reach to injure her.

Down that steep, long, grassy slope she led at racing speed, seeing the broad, rapid brook at the bottom swollen now, as before, into a foaming river. It looked a desperate jump, and it was one, too; but she bent over the neck of Reindeer, and she called to him in a voice which was music in his ears. She smoothed his straightened neck with her whip, softly and tenderly; she sat firmly and motionlessly in her seat, as if she were part of the animal; she had the reins well together, and she heard without heeding the loud yells of the ruffian behind her.

And now down at the river's brink a shower of spray rises in the air from Reindeer's fore-feet. The brook was gained. She gave a quivering cry, lifted him as well as her tiny hand and moderate strength—though she exerted all she possessed now—would enable her, and he sprang into the air with a sudden bound, like a deer would over a broad clump of rock, landed her safely on the other side, and away like a race-horse over the meadow beyond.

A loud cry and violent splash told her that Abel had landed short, and was in the brook. She turned her head, but only to see him scrambling out, and leaping on to the back of his well-trained horse, which, having thrown him, stood still to be remounted, if his rider had luck enough to be able, and pluck enough to do it.

She only too soon knew, by the cries and the villainous threats that now reached her ears, that the scoundrel, maddened by his disaster, was in full pursuit of her again; and that she had no mercy to expect at his hands. She believed now that he intended to murder her; and though she did not fear death, had even recently thought it would be a boon to her, she did not wish to die by the hand of the wretch who was chasing her.

The land now began to rise abruptly, and Daisy was compelled to use voice and a touch of the whip to Reindeer to urge him to continue his pace. Not but what she knew that the same acclivity which brought him to a standstill would also check the advance of Abel Stoke's horse. Up he pressed gallantly until he approached the black heath and sandy soil of Black Down. Then, with a cold, icy thrill through every nerve, Daisy, with a sudden flashing gleaming of her eyes, murmured to herself—

"The Three Pits!"

She knew the direction in which they lay, and she put her horse straight for them. Abel Stoke knew where they were situated too, and instantly divined her purpose. He lashed his horse furiously, he shouted, shrieked to her, but only menacingly, and she kept on, kept ahead of him, never suffering the distance she had first placed between them to be diminished an inch.

Now her form and that of her horse stood out in bold relief against the sky on the black, uneven ridge. He saw her wave her whip in the air, and bring it down on the side of her horse, and then disappear.

He remembered but too well that she was in the immediate vicinity of the "Three Pits," those terrible yawning chasms, and he absolutely screeched with enraged fright. He whipped and goaded his horse with his spurs like a madman. He gained the crest of the ridge as he heard a wild, quivering shriek from the lips of Daisy. He turned sick with dismay.

At this moment of intense excitement his ears caught the sound of a horse's feet advancing towards him at a top speed. The animal appeared to be ridden by a mere boy, but he rode like a jockey, overtook him, and deliberately crossed in front of him, so as to make his horse swerve round with him, plunge, and almost fall upon his side.

This, to his utter bewilderment, brought upon him another horse and horseman, who was no sooner on a level with him than he pulled him with one hand from his horse, jumped with him to the ground, and gripped him with the strength of a giant by the throat.

A glance told him his assailant was Wil Rokeby. This discovery convulsed him with fury, and frenzied him, but the excitement proved too much for him. He suddenly became sightless, deaf, senseless, and Wil hurled him to the earth in a fit.

Assured that he was not dissembling, Wil spurned him with his foot, and turning to his short, slight companion, said, hastily, to him—

"Watch him, Tib. Do not let him escape."

Then at his utmost speed he raced over the brow of the hill, and beheld, as he had expected, a young girl who had recently alighted from her reeking steed, leaning with her elbow, breathless and faint, against the saddle. He flew rather than ran up to her. She was as white as snow, and seemed to be in a very tottering condition, but she strove to look calm, and even smiled as he hurried up to her with open arms.

"Daisy! Daisy! My Daisy!" he exclaimed, in deep and almost inarticulate emotion.

Somehow, she knew not how, she found herself locked in his tight embrace, and held firmly to his heart, and impulsively she murmured, feebly—

"It was in a moment of agonized prayer, with your name on—my—lips—that I suddenly perceived your face swiftly approaching me, and I knew I was safe. Heaven is—"

The words died from her lips, and her head fell motionless on his shoulder.

He glanced round him with humid eyes, and he breathed a prayer of thankful gratefulness to heaven, for he saw that they were but a stone's throw from the spot where Daisy had saved his mother's life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deer vs. Alligator.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

We have just heard of an incident that occurred in the campaign of a party of sportsmen who were recently out on a hunt for deer. They soared up three deer in the vicinity of one of the bayous of the Ogeechee, and succeeded in killing two, the third made for the bayou as the only means of escape. He had gone in the water but a short distance before he was set upon by two large alligators. The water was not over three and a half feet deep at the place, and the attack was in full view of the sportsmen. The two hounds had followed the deer, and were consequently drawn into the combat, which we are informed was most terrific and bloody. The stag made a gallant defence with his antlers and fore hoofs, but the fight was unequal, and the water was soon crimson with the blood of the noble animal as he sank down in his death throes. The dogs battled bravely with the alligators, but they too had to yield to the terrific onslaught of their enemy.

The party tried to get in some shots on the alligators, but they counted not, and after finishing their bloody work the monsters glided off. The affair was extremely exciting. The sportsmen returned to the city with the other deer, but the loss of their valuable hounds marred all satisfaction in contemplating the booty of their hunt.—*Savannah News.*

☞ A youthful Danbury lover who sang and played before his young lady's house for two mortal hours Friday night, was electrified after a short pause by a cordial "thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow" who appeared at the window.

☞ A prudent Kentucky father, with a marriageable daughter, found it impossible to keep the beaus from the house, so he furnished her with a music box which plays "Home, Sweet Home," at 10 o'clock P. M., precisely. The beaus are all gone, and the house closed up in five minutes after.

HOW SHE KEPT HIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

If ever there was a man deserving the name of "male flirt," it was Ben Colman. "Of all mean despicable things in this world, a male flirt is the meanest and most despicable," somebody has said, and very truly.

Yet Ben Colman was not mean, and not despicable—but one of the jolliest, handsomest, most obliging, and kind-hearted men in existence. Indeed, his great kindness of heart, was one thing which brought on flirtation, for which society condemned (and at the same time petted) him. If he saw a timid girl playing wall flower, at a party or ball, he would leave the most brilliant belles of the evening, to render himself agreeable to the timid stranger—and if she was in the least pretty or interesting, it was sure to end in a dreadful flirtation: for Ben was irresistible, and carried things his own way; and his own way was to talk poetry, music, or science, according to the tastes of the victim, and get her interested, and then to look unutterable things with his wonderful eyes, to give meaning clasps of the hand, to pay compliments with double meanings—in fact to "make love" in all the countless ways imaginable, and act the devoted lover, until some fairer or newer face appeared to claim his attention. And yet he never "jilted" anybody; never turned the cold shoulder and snubbed a girl after the interest of the flirtation died out. He might become so absorbed in a new arrival, and so interested in a new face, that he could not find time to bestow any especial manifestations of affection upon an ex-flirtee—one who was recently all in all to him seemingly—but he made it a point to always give a portion of his time and attention to the girls he had flirted with, when ever and where ever he encountered them, and so friendly relations with all were maintained, and love never turned into hatred.

Handsome, with those great dark eyes, which speak poems with every glance; tall and broad shouldered, with a fascinating grace in every movement; well educated, and talented, possessing a moderate fortune, and endowed with that nameless magnetism which attracts you and draws you, in spite of yourself, it was no wonder that women loved him, and were won by his smiles.

One of the first names a stranger heard, upon coming to W——, was "Ben Colman." He was always doing something, or saying something which made people talk, and his goings and comings, and doings, and sayings, were a theme of discussion in almost every household. One of the first facts which came to a stranger's ears was, that "Ben Colman was the greatest flirt living."

Young ladies heard this, and with scorn, each in her turn declared that he wouldn't flirt with *her;* yet before she realized it, she was listening with drooping eyes to his delicately worded compliments, and letting her hand linger in his, and adding another to Ben Colman's list of flirtees.

Brilliant belles, who had jilted men by the score, and trampled upon kingly hearts, would become sentimental under the power of Ben's dark eyes: reserved and proper young ladies, who didn't believe in "such nonsense," would thrill at a meaning clasp of Ben's hand; and the young girls and misses looked upon him as the living hero of the last novel they had read, possessing all the impossible virtues of *all* the novels they had ever read.

And so, when he married Allie Tufton, there was great commotion in the social circles of W——, and some tears were shed in secret, when the fact became a certainty that Ben Colman was really lost to them all, and that he was the sole property, with all his fascinations and attractions of Allie Tufton. And of course, Allie was hauled over the coals, in a most trying manner. "What did he see in her so much superior to other girls that he has flirted with." "What was there about her that should take his fancy;" and "I am sure she has no beauty to brag of;" and "I don't believe he married her for love, but just because he wanted to settle down." These were some of the sayings, from different quarters, but from every maid and matron, came the verdict,

"She has got a handsome, and a smart husband—but I don't envy her her lot. A man that has flirted as *he* has for five years, will find it difficult to confine himself to one woman—and if Allie and Ben don't live like cats and dogs, before many years, then *I* mistake."

What there was about Allie Tufton, that should take captive the fickle heart of Ben Colman, was the wonder of many. She was a pretty enough girl to be sure, with rather irregular features, but plenty of flesh and bloom, and a most graceful figure. She had pretty hands and arms, and was a good talker, and a sweet singer. But all these things Ben had seen before; and much more; ravishing beauty, combined with accomplishments and wealth, he might have had for the asking, but he had not asked. And now Allie Tufton had captured him. The men said there was a "subtle charm about her," "a *something* in her voice and manner that was more powerful and fascinating than beauty;" but women failed to see it, and continued to wonder at Ben's choice, and watch for trouble.

Ben took his wife to his cosey home, and became a most exemplary Benedict. Spent his evenings in her society, and was devoted to her at all times, and for a year never looked an unutterable anything at any woman but his wife, nor pressed a hand ever so lightly.

"Perhaps," suggested one who was almost discouraged, "Ben really called in all the wandering affections he had bestowed upon so many, and centered them upon *one*. He really seems to have lost all inclination to flirt."

"Wait," was the reply. "His wife is still new to him; wait till she becomes an old story, and a new face appears."

They had not long to wait for the new face. It was announced one day that the Colman's had a guest. A cousin of Allie's from Boston, and a most beautiful girl, if reports were true. Anything concerning the Colman's was of public interest, and the calls were numerous, that Allie received the week of her cousin's arrival. The public was satisfied that reports had not been exaggerated. Miss Huntley was a beautiful girl; a magnificent brunette with superb eyes and hair, and teeth like pearls, and cheeks like peaches, downy and red, and an easy, pleasant society manner, and a very stylish wardrobe. This was Miss Minnie Huntley, aged nineteen, and whom the people of W—— declared "quite put Allie in the shade, and made her look decidedly commonplace," though the men said Allie *never* was that. That nameless "*way* of hers" never allowed her to be commonplace.

Mrs. Ben Colman had always had the reputation of exceeding good taste in dress. Those thousand and one little things which go to make up a charming toilet she had at her fingers' ends, and consequently her dress was always becoming, and she was constantly surprising her friends and her husband with some original conception; a wonderful frill, or a novel bow; a bewildering little jacket or sacque that made her seem quite like another woman; since, in a greater degree than the most of us, she was made, or marred by dress. This was a part of the "nameless something" which had been spoken of by the men of W—— and which

had won and kept the heart of her husband. Men like Ben Colman like change, and their natures tire of sameness, and they cannot help it any more than we can help our peculiar likes and dislikes.

Allie Tufton knew Ben Colman when she married him. Knew of his fickleness, his propensity to flirt, his love of change. "She married him with her eyes wide open, and she was warned," a gossip said. "I myself warned her, and now I shall not pity her, no matter how he treats her."

Knowing, or seeming to know his love of change, Allie had endeavored to gratify it. She took pains with her toilet, and he went out in the morning with the image of a blooming face framed in coils of bronze hair, and a lovely figure clad in a soft, blue wrapper, to haunt him all the forenoon. He came home at noon, to find a woman with flowing tresses, clothed in rustling black, with the most ravishing of collars and cuffs; and before this costume had lost its novelty, he found her in pure white, with puffed and rolled hair. Women with scanty wardrobes and limited means cannot do this as effectually as Allie Colman could, yet much can be done to give a newness to the costume, and relieve the palling sense of sameness, be the means never so limited. With men like Ben Colman, this is a most effective preventative for flirtation. Slipping his arm about a black silk basque one evening, encircling a waist clad in white the next, and holding a cunning blue jacket against his breast the next, was quite like flirting with three different women, since the wearer changed her mood with her attire, as Allie always did.

And so for something over a year Ben played the devoted husband, and was evidently as much in love as in the courting days, never in thought, word or deed betraying any uneasiness at the restraint marriage imposed upon him. Girls with whom he had flirted fearfully, were cordially invited by Allie to their home, and sometimes came, occasionally spending days, but while Ben acted the courteous host to perfection, he acted nothing more.

Sitting in her cool parlor one spring day the postman brought Allie a letter from her cousin, whom she had not seen since her marriage. "I am coming to see you," she wrote, "and shall stay all summer. I hear you have captured that splendid Ben Colman, that all the girls were crazy about. You naughty girl, I intended to take him myself when I got around to it, though I never saw him. I am coming to see if he is as nice as I have heard, and to make you a good visit." For full ten minutes Mrs. Ben Colman never moved after she read that letter; when she did move it was to go into her bedroom and fall on her knees, and remain thus in prayer for full five minutes, and then she came out with tear-wet eyes, and beaming, spiritual face, to go about her afternoon employment again. Well she was nerving herself for the struggle; for she knew her cousin to be dangerously beautiful, an artful and unscrupulous coquette and flirt; and faithful as Ben had been to her, she feared the old fickleness and inconstancy would assert itself in the presence of her fascinating cousin, and if it did?—Well, she did not like to think of it, for with all the strength of an ardent, passionate nature she loved her husband, and God only knew what she might do if any woman should come between them.

That evening Ben found his wife attired more plainly than he had seen her since their marriage. A quiet brown silk, guiltless of ruffles, or flounces, and linen collars and cuffs, and her hair knotted back in a simple coil at the back. She told him of the expected guest who would arrive the following week, and Ben expressed his pleasure at meeting with any of her relatives or friends, and kissed her as he said it. She clasped his neck with passionate fondness, and clung to him and kissed him, and when she lifted her eyes to his, they were full of tears. A new mood he found it, and loved her all the more though she would not tell him what ailed her. Only that she was nervous and foolish.

Every night and every noon when Ben came home in the days following, he found his wife dressed in the brown silk, and her hair plainly knotted at the back. It was getting the least bit tiresome, and he was about to tell her so, and order a new supply of dresses to be purchased, when Miss Huntley came. Miss Huntley with her superb face and sprightly manner, and splendid wardrobe.

Allie wore the tiresome brown silk the night she came, and Miss Huntley being opposed to the idea of making one's self hideous in some plain but convenient traveling suit was attired in a most beautiful and becoming costume, and flashed upon them like a comet. It *was* a contrast when she stood beside Allie, there in the hall. Allie in that dreadful brown silk so plain and bare, Miss Huntley in her fashionable and jaunty outfit, weighed with trimming, and glittering with jewels. Ben was conscious of wishing that Allie had "rigged up" a little to meet their guest. But Allie did not "rig up" either then, or for days to come. A brown wrapper in the forenoon, always neat and tidy, and the brown silk in the afternoon were her two costumes as regularly as the days came.

"Why what has come over you, Allie?" Miss Huntley asked, "you used to be so dressy."

"I am saving my clothes—I have some others—for a time of need," Allie would answer laughing, and Miss Huntley thought marriage had made her cousin very penurious. However she was not sorry, for it was all the easier to outshine her now.

"I wonder," she said one evening as she arrayed herself in a magnificent crimson silk, "if Mr. Colman ever wishes he had married differently. I wonder if he *will* wish it before the summer is over." And then she looked at the bright face in the mirror, and laughed softly. To win the heart of her cousin's husband had been her errand to W——. She thought it would not be difficult to accomplish, as she contrasted her reflection with the figure in brown silk.

She heard Ben go into the library, and heard him tell his wife that he had letters to write, and not to speak to him for an hour. Smiling quietly, she tripped down the stairs, and passed into the library, stopping in confusion, when she found him there.

"I came for a book," she said, "not knowing you were here. But I will sit in the window, and be still as a mouse. May I?"

He could not, out of politeness, tell her to go, so he gave her permission to remain. Glancing at her, as she sat there, he could not help admiring her glowing beauty—and with his natural gallantry, he said,

"You are very lovely, cousin mine, and your dress is most becoming this evening."

"Do you think so?" she asked, innocently. "I always endeavor to dress becomingly, to please myself; and when I marry, it will be one of my chief delights, to dress to please my husband's eye."

"You will cease to think about that, perhaps, after a time," Ben answered, scarcely knowing what he was saying, so engaged was his mind upon his letters.

"Indeed I shall *not!*" she cried. "I shall think that what was worth winning, is worth keeping—and shall use all means to keep the love of my husband. If I should grow regardless of dress, I should think my husband very excusable if he *did* wander from me, and grow weary of me. A woman has no right to tempt her husband so."

"A man should never allow himself to stray in *thought* even, *from* his allegiance to his wife, no matter how plain she may become, though I know he cannot help admiring youth and beauty becomingly and tastefully attired," Ben answered, absently; but Allie, passing under the window just then, to gather a bouquet for the centre-table, heard only the closing words, and her heart gave a sharp throb of pain. He had told her not to disturb him for an hour! now he was conversing with Minnie—she had heard his voice saying,

"A man cannot help admiring youth and beauty when tastefully attired."

Why should he say that, unless he had expressed his admiration for her and she had rebuked him, and this was his excuse? She was reaping the first fruits of jealousy, which are sure to follow the seeds sown by marrying "an irresistible man," "the greatest catch of the season," "the pet of society."

Remember, my dear girl, if you *do* marry that splendid fellow who is turning all the girls' heads, that you must weep some bitter tears of jealousy, for even if he is constant and faithful to you, that haunting fear will be over you for years, "What if he *should* tire of me, as he has tired of so many before me!"

Sitting on the pleasant verandah that evening, Ben could not help noticing the contrast between Allie and her glowing cousin; could not help letting his eyes wander often to the brilliant beauty; and Allie, seeing every glance, felt as if her heart would die within her for the moment.

Miss Huntly aired three costumes per day usually, and went through her fine wardrobe, appearing first in one striking attire, and then in another; and still Allie clung to the brown silk, and coiled hair. People watched, and gossiped, and declared that Ben Colman must be blind if he did not see his mistake in marrying so soon, and pitied Allie for being thrown so completely in the shade.

Miss Huntly had grown to call her cousin's husband "Ben," to lean over his chair when he was reading, and to start when she heard his footstep. She told Allie with shyness of all the compliments he paid her on her taste in dress, and in a thousand nameless ways endeavored to arouse her cousin's jealousy, for she was one of those shallow, silly brained women, whose greatest aim is to make another woman jealous.

"What a splendid looking couple your husband and Miss Huntly make," some one had the bad taste to say to Allie one day. "I saw them walking under the maples yesterday, and it seemed as if they were made for each other."

"I should think you would begin to be jealous of that handsome cousin," remarked another. "Ben appears so devoted, and she is so handsome."

Allie's heart was almost choking her, but she responded serenely:

"Not at all: I am glad my husband is courteous enough to make himself agreeable to our guest. I should regret to have it otherwise."

Minnie Huntly had been the guest of the Colmans just two weeks, and was beginning to feel that her cause was almost won. Ben was kind and dutifully attentive to his wife, yet when the two were sitting together his eyes always sought *hers;* his compliments were paid to her, and the greater portion of his time, when in the house, was spent with her. To be sure Allie left them much alone, and he could not well avoid being with her, but she felt sure he was not sorry. It rankled a little that she could not make Allie betray any indications of jealousy. She seemed perfectly willing that the two should sit in the twilight alone, that they should walk together, and even planned rides for them, making excuses to remain behind herself. Minnie would have been better pleased if Allie had shown annoyance at their intimacy, but still she was gratified at the progress she was making in winning the admiration of Ben.

It was just two weeks after the arrival of Miss Huntly that Mrs. Colman gave a little party. Just a few select friends had been invited to come and spend an evening, and Miss Huntly sat in full dress by the parlor window, while Ben leaned on the mantle shelf and looked down on her admiringly. She was lovely in that orange silk, with its rich trimming, and her splendid hair puffed and powdered artistically. She had determined to make a sensation that evening, and be so brilliant, and so completely outshine all other women, particularly Allie, that Ben would see and regret his mistake, if never before. Passing through the room, Allie saw the tableau, and her heart beat fiercely against her breast. The old look of admiration was in Ben's eyes as they rested on her cousin, and he barely glanced at her plain brown figure as she passed by. Well, who would glance at the grub when the gorgeous butterfly was to be seen?

"The time has come," she said, mentally. "I must not tempt him too much."

It was a warm, soft evening in June. The sun had slipped out of sight in the west, and the moon was rising in the east. Ten, fifteen minutes glided away, and there was the click of a gaiter-heel on the stair. The tableau in the parlor had changed slightly. Miss Huntly was standing now, her elbow leaning on a carved bracket, and on the opposite side of the window Ben stood, just facing the door. He looked up when it opened.

The servant coming in just then, turned on a blaze of gas, and it fell full upon the figure of Allie. *Could* it be Allie?

A woman dressed in a trailing garb of green: so shimmering, so bright, that it dazzled the eyes to look upon it. The long graceful train fell behind her in graceful folds; over this was looped a snowy, filmy over-dress of tulle—and through it gleamed the wax-like arms and shoulders, the splendid bust just concealed by the low, green bodice, edged with rich lace. A woman with bronze brown hair, that was lifted high from the forehead by a coronet comb, and rippled down the shoulders and half way to the waist in loose waves. She paused when half way across the room, to give some order to the servant, and stood in the full blaze of the gas; and the two people by the window, held their breaths, while they looked at her. Her beauty seemed almost unearthly; not the beauty of classic features, of perfect brow, and nose, and chin, like Minnie Huntly, but a nameless, wonderful, fascinating charm hung about her, that was magnetic and enthralling. This sudden and startling change in dress, brought it out as nothing else could—and as she came smiling forward, and held out her delicate glove for her husband to button, he could not help exclaiming, fervently,

"My darling, how beautiful you are!"

Minnie Huntly's heart burned with rage and envy. She saw that she was outwitted—that beautiful and brilliant as she was, and becomingly and richly as she was attired, Allie would completely shine her down. And she was right. Mrs. Colman was the reigning belle of the evening. Every eye followed her; and Minnie could hear whispered exclamations of admiration from every side—

"How beautiful Mrs. Colman is!" "What a fascinating wife Mr. Colman has!" "No wonder the fastidious Ben was captured by such a charming woman."

And every such expression was a stab to her vanity and pride. She thought the victory almost won, and here at the eleventh hour, she met with galling defeat.

But through it all, Allie felt only the eyes of her husband upon her—was conscious only of his admiring gaze, and her heart was flattering with joy and thankfulness. She had played a desperate game—she had run a dangerous risk—she had staked a great deal, and *won!*

"Deceitful thing," Minnie said to herself after she retired to her room that night. "She only dressed so shabbily all these days in order to surprise us all with the change. I wouldn't stoop to such deception."

The next morning Allie made her appearance in the most charming of wrappers, her hair braided and loosely looped back from her face. At noon Ben found her all in white, with her beautiful shoulders and arms concealed only by a thin covering of lace. "Those snowy shoulders and arms," he said, stooping and kissing her, "should never be hidden by a jealous dress. They are so beautiful, darling, you must dress like this all the season. Oh, I was so proud of you last evening: so proud of my choice."

Minnie was in an adjoining room and heard this tender love passage, and bit her lip with rage. Those waxen shoulders and arms were the cause of many a bitter heartburn, for *her* neck was brown and sallow, her shoulders and arms poor and thin, and she could never show them, even through lace. She had discovered that there *were* other attractions than beautiful faces in this world.

Allie complied with her husband's request, and in all her changes of attire made use of her waxen neck and arms through the pleasant summer days. Her peculiar tact and originality in dress was brought into play again, and Ben had no further cause of complaint. His eye scarcely got accustomed to one charming toilet before it was changed, sometimes throughout, sometimes merely by a change of ribbons, but sufficiently to relieve the sameness.

Those arms and shoulders were becoming absolute nightmares to Minnie: she could not dress so elegantly that Allie did not outrival her with such charms as those, and finally the place became unendurable. She saw that she had lost what little power she had gained over her cousin's husband, and that it was useless to attempt rivalry with such a woman. So she packed her trunks and went home to Boston. And the gossips concluded that Ben had got a wife that knew how to keep what she had obtained, for he really seemed more in love than before that handsome cousin came. As for Allie, she felt like a successful general: felt as one would who had outwitted the enemy and gained the victory in a mighty battle.

AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE.

A long, low reach of sea-shore, strewn with the *debris* of a wreck, and a slender, graceful woman, with waving, unbound hair, which the morning sunbeams have lit into a "golden glory," walking restlessly up and down the sands, her scarlet lips drawn into lines of mute anguish, and a troubled look in her sweet, blue eyes, as she sends long, searching glances out over the sea.

There had been a fearful gale—one of the worst ever known—blowing furiously along the coast for two days past, lashing the sea into passionate frenzy; but during the previous night the fierce wind had subsided into low, fitful gusts, that moaned themselves away in soft, whispering sighs, and the waves that had so lately done their work of death, laughed gayly in murmuring musical gurgles along the beach.

"Not a single body washed ashore—not one of all the crew saved to tell the fearful story," she said to herself in an awe-struck voice, the troubled look in her eyes deepening into horror. "Oh, it was so dreadful," and she shivered, drawing her scarlet shawl more closely about her graceful form, "to hear their signals of distress mingling with the roar of the tempest, to watch the ship struggling so bravely with the wind and waves, and then, after all, go down with its freight of humanity into certain death. Oh, mercy, what is that?" and with a smothered scream, she ran swiftly down the beach to where some dark object lay, washing to and fro in the water, which, as she came nearer, shaped itself into the form of a man lashed to a broken spar, which, lodged in some low bushes, upheld his head above the tide.

"Thank God, at least one poor fellow shall have a Christian burial—mayhap he is not dead," she said, tenderly, and reaching out resolutely, with a strength one would hardly have deemed she possessed, she grasped the insensible form and drew it out on the dry sand, and scarcely pausing to glance at the still, white face, she began hastily untying the scarf that bound him to the spar, and in doing so some device of the silken texture caught her eye, and she grew pale as the livid face lying before her, and with an agonized moan she knelt beside the dripping form and lifted his head tenderly to her lap.

"Robin, Robin," she called, as one of the fishermen's boys, with bare head and feet, came running down the shore, "go to Castlemere with all possible speed and tell my housekeeper, Elsie, to order John and the gardener to bring a litter here immediately, and also that I wish her to send for the nearest physician without a moment's delay, and mind that you run, fly, and you shall have more money than you have ever seen."

The boy threw a frightened look at the set, pale face bending over the prostrate man, then darted away in the direction of Castlemere. Directly he had gone she began searching eagerly for some signs of life in the limp, breathless form. There was an ugly gash across his forehead, and his silken, black hair was matted with blood and tangled with sea-weed, and sea-weed clung in shreds to his clothes, which were of the finest make and material. With breathless intensity she sought his pulses, but no quiver answered her trembling pressure, then the suspense in her face was something terrible as her hand found his heart. At first there was no answering throb, and the icy chill seemed to freeze her soul. Then she fancied she felt a faint, tremulous flutter, then a positive throb, and she drew a long sigh of relief, and her white lips murmured fervently, "Thank God, he lives."

Then she began chafing the cold, shapely hands with tender, caressing touch, and wiping away the blood and seaweed from the white handsome face, and once she pressed her lips with lingering, passionate fervor to the pallid brow, and it was with evident reluctance that she relinquished her burthen, when the men for whom she had sent came to bear him to her elegant home at Castlemere.

"Take him to the crimson chamber, and see that no means are left untried to restore him to consciousness—no expense or trouble spared to render him comfortable," was her injunction to her butler when they reached the front entrance, and casting a long, beseeching look at the white face on the litter, passed on to her room, saying softly, "Oh, Arthur, my heart's life—after all these years of weary waiting to find you thus."

Five years before, while visiting an old schoolmate in an out-of-the-way village in the up-country, Lillian Grey had first met Arthur Trevelyan, a handsome young lawyer, as yet without clients, and rich only in his kingly soul and proud patrician blood, unsullied through a long line of ancestors by a mean or dishonorable deed. And she, Lillian, no less proud and aristocratic, had been taught from her childhood to look upon poverty as the most bitter disgrace flesh is heir to, and with her dainty fastidious tastes, her love of luxury and ease, the idea of forming a *mesalliance* with any one possessed of less than half a million had never once entered her beautiful golden head, and to fall in love with a poor country lawyer were mere madness. But during those dreamy, delicious summer days, when they had walked and rode and boated and sung together, she had found her heart beating rapturously when she heard his steps on the walk, and her eyelids drooping languidly over eyes that were full of a new, soft light when he came, that she was restless and bored and *ennuied* when he was away, in fact that all time was vapid and worthless that was not shared by him. And yet she had not stopped to ask herself whither all this was tending. She only knew she was living in a rose-tinted, blissful dream, from which she knew she must after awhile awaken; that when the drowsy, perfumed summer days were ended, she must leave her little romance behind and go back to the city, where it was arranged that she should marry a man twice her age, yet who possessed the requisite money to make her a queen in society. And so, forgetful of all the best instincts of her soul, she had let him go on loving her with all the intensity of his strong fine nature, and allowed herself to taste this first rare draught of love's sweetness, and Arthur Trevelyan could but know that she loved him. He had seen it in the marvellous lighting up of her lovely face when he came—had read the sweet secret in her eyes, and when with heart burning with the intoxication of his great passion, he poured out the story of his love and asked her to become his wife, he was in no way prepared to see the beautiful face blanch with anguish, and to hear the lips, grown white and cold on which he had hoped so soon to press the warm kisses of their betrothal, tell him that "it could not be, that she was already the promised wife of another."

"But Lillian you *dare* not do this thing—you love me—*me*—you are mine—you cannot thus barter your womanhood, for this man's gold," he had pleaded; and she had only repeated, "It cannot be, I can *never* be your wife."

In an agony of disappointment and despair, he had crushed her to his heart, and devoured her with kisses only for a few brief moments, then he flung her from him, and walked rapidly away, cursing himself for his folly and madness in thus laying the richest fruit of his life at the feet of one so unworthy.

And Lillian Grey in the bitterness of her first great sorrow, had thought herself dying, when she heard his footsteps going down the street, and she had called piteously, "Arthur, my beloved, come back," but the words had not reached him, and overcome by the agony tearing her heart she had fallen down on the wet grass, and lay there in a deadly swoon; the chill night dew drenching her white dress and beautiful golden hair, while the stars looked wonderingly down, and Diana hung low in the western sky.

A servant coming home late at night had carried her to her room where she remained, utterly refusing admittance to any one, until she had regained her strength and equanimity, when she went home, and accepted her destiny in the shape of the captious old man, whose wealth gave her all the diamonds and silks and refined elegancies she so much desired, and which added so much to her grace and beauty, and made her caprices a law in the society where she reigned. And yet her gilded chains had galled her sometimes, well-nigh to madness, and amid the gayest scene of pleasure in brilliant saloons, at concert or opera, the white anguish-stricken face she had seen looking down at her under the tall lindens in the pale starlight had haunted her, and while her lips sparkled with smiles and repartee, she seemed always to feel the maddening pressure of a mouth drawn into set lines of speechless agony, until she hated the gold that had bought her, and herself for her weakness, that she could not crush a love that was now a sin and shame. And so her life had gone on for three years, when her husband, Leon Montanye had died, and left her mistress at Castlemere, and half a million. And through all the years since they had parted, an unspeakable longing had possessed her to look once more upon the handsome face of the man she had so loved and wronged; and now the wind and waves had laid him at her feet.

It was within a most sumptuously furnished apartment that Arthur Trevelyan awoke to consciousness after the long death-like trance which followed his shipwreck. Long curtains of crimson brocatelle swept down from the windows, through which the light stole rosy and subdued; there were exquisitely arranged bouquets of rare flowers in Bohemian vases on table and etegere, whose fragrance flooded the room; choice paintings adorned the walls; every appointment told of a refined æsthetic taste. For awhile he lay gazing dreamily about him, utterly unable to recall anything. Then he closed his eyes again wearily and lay still, until suddenly he seemed to hear the roar of the wind and waves, the creaking of breaking timbers, mingled with the shrieks of a hundred people going into certain death, and he shuddered and moaned. Where were they, and where was Nellie—his dead sister's child whom he so tenderly loved. He remembered fastening a life preserver to her dainty waist, while her chubby arms clasped his neck, then he had tied himself to a spar—a falling timber had struck him, and after that all was a blank. "Oh, my birdie, my little sunbeam," he moaned audibly as he thought of the sweet childish form, drifting about in the black water, and her wandering brown eyes growing dim in death.

"Do you want anything, marster? I'se powerful glad you'se come to yerself, for missee most done gone crazy 'bout you, pacin' through de hall afore de dore dis hull blessed night!" and the smiling face of his nurse beamed with satisfaction.

"Nothing, unless you will tell me where I am and how I came here."

"Not now, marster, 'cause de doctor said you must keep still and be quiet, or you might git de fever. Howsomebar, you're wid a friend, let that 'tent you, and now go to sleep—pray do." And she settled herself down near the foot of his bed to her knitting.

Arthur closed his eyes, but not to sleep, and after a time he heard a door open, some whispered words, then the soft swish of a dress on the carpet; some sweet, subtle perfume stole over his senses, and he knew some one was kneeling at his bedside; and he felt a warm drop on his hand, then he was sure the pressure of warm lips and a woman's voice, murmuring scarcely above a breath, "My darling, oh! my darling." A moment more and she was gone, and he opened his eyes only to catch a glimpse of a white dress and a gleam of golden hair vanishing through the door. Was he on earth, he thought, or had he, too, been drowned, and his spirit reposing on a couch in Paradise, around which angels with long yellow hair were flitting? That could not be, for the physician coming in was most emphatically flesh and blood, as the hearty grasp he gave his hand abundantly testified, and who expressed no end of pleasure at seeing him so much improved, told him the hateful gash on his forehead might leave a scar, but otherwise he would be all right presently, and in reply to his earnest inquiries, told him he had been fished out of the sea by Mrs. Lillian Montanye, the loveliest little widow in the world, and that he was indebted to her generosity and kindness for his present pleasant surroundings, and if he would be quiet he should have the pleasure of making her acquaintance on the following day. But Arthur had not to wait for the morrow, for when the moonlight, shimmering in through fleecy folds of lace, fell in flecks of silver on the carpet, and night had settled the inmates of Castlemere to rest, and he lay with closed eyelids apparently asleep, he again heard some whispered words, and the voice of his nurse saying, "He's done gone to sleep, honey; come right in." There was the same noiseless footfall, and the same cloud of delicate perfume seemed to envelop him. An irresistible longing to look upon the woman who had saved his life possessed him, and he opened his eyes to see a beautiful tear-stained face framed in glittering golden hair bending over him.

"Lillian, Lillian," he gasped, "is it to you I owe my life? Better had I perished." And a look of scorn stole over his face as he again wearily closed his eyes.

"Forgive, oh! Arthur, forgive me. I loved you. I have always loved you. I did not know what I did."

Lillian Montanye's white hands clasped themselves convulsively, until her diamonds cut the delicate flesh; for the strong, proud face, with its drooping moustache, and the bandage across the white brow, had nothing of the old love irradiating its features, no softening of the firm mouth, nothing of the old time tenderness lighting it with marvellous beauty—as she had hoped to see the beloved face glow and light when she should again find him—and she had read her answer there, Arthur Trevelyan was lost to her; and with a pain that was worse than death sickening in her soul, she left the room. And afterward, during the few days that he remained at Castlemere, though she hovered about the hall, often kneeling with her face pressed against his door to listen to his breathing while he slept, she dared not again trust herself in the presence of the man she so devotedly loved, and who only felt for her contempt and scorn.

And then he went away without so much as a word. And when Lillian, going reverently into the room he had occupied, as one would go to the shrine of the dead, found a well-filled purse and a letter of thanks on his dressing bureau, she kissed the lines his hand had traced—then took them both, leaving everything else untouched as he had left them, and locking the door, went down to beach and threw letter, purse, and key far into the sea—saying bitterly, with hard, dry eyes, "And this is the end of my dream—so perishes every vestige of my dearest hope." And then again took up the weary burthen of her life.

Two years have passed, and Lillian Montanye is again walking on the beach, sending hungry, wistful glances out over the sea. Her beautiful yellow hair is wound in a coronal of braids about her head, which now the sunset light has changed to a crown of gold, and there is a look of quiet sadness in the sweet blue eyes, and the old time *hauteur* has gone from her face, that is fairer, more beautiful than ever—with a new grace, an added charm, born of the life of charity and benevolence, that had made her seem a blessed angel of mercy to the poor people about Castlemere. She has wandered dreamily down the shore until she has reached the spot where two years before she had found the insensible form of her lover, washing to and fro in the surf. There is the clump of bushes, and the spar, weather beaten and gray, which had upheld his dear head above the tide, from which she had unbound the scarf, a silken affair she had given him that summer in the up-country when she had been so happy.

The crunch of coming footsteps sounded in the sand, but she, busy with thoughts of the past, heard only the gurgle of the waves sweeping their gilded fringes along the beach; and the sorrowful eyes, gazing dreamily at the ships far out at sea, and the gulls skimming along between the water and the sunset sky, took no note of the lithe graceful form walking rapidly toward her.

"Ah, sunny waves, you may laugh—for you have caressed him; and I bless you—that while others went down beneath your fury, you brought him alive to my feet, and for one moment at least, his head lay on my breast," she said, with tender sadness in her voice—then, almost bitterly, "Oh, Arthur, I deserved it all—all your scorn and contempt; but life is very dreary—ah, so dreary, my darling."

"Not more dreary than mine has been, my sweetest, all these years—for I have never ceased to love you. Will you forget my coldness and seeming ingratitude, and make the life you saved immeasurably happy? I have wealth and fame now, *mia cara*. Will you be my wife?"

And with a glad cry as of a wounded bird that has found its mate, she sprang into the outstretched arms of Arthur Trevelyan—and was clasped closely to his heart, while his lips sought hers in kisses, whose sweetness held the joy of half a lifetime.

"At last, my beloved, at last!" she softly whispered—and earth, and sea, and air, grew radiant with the infinite content that thrilled her soul.

ABOUT HORSES.

People wonder and grumble that the family horse is not in his best mood and condition every day in the year, and think they have been jockeyed, and that they neither know how to buy nor keep a horse because the patient brute, as well as themselves, sometimes needs a doctor. No member of the family will bear any such test. We all have our failings, our aches and sprains. And again, look at the leading horses of the country, whose value is such as to justify on utilitarian grounds the highest care and skill in their treatment. Watched over and attended from birth as though they were heirs of an empire, the very *elite* of their kind, how far do they escape the ills horse-flesh is heir to?

Longfellow, the most valuable horse in the country, is to-day on three legs from a wound which is not the result of carelessness or abuse, but might have befallen the veriest hack, and which all his watchful nursing and petting did not exempt him from. Goldsmith Maid, of whom as much was to be expected as of any of the trotters, is withdrawn with a quarter-crack—and every horse owner knows what that means, though no horseman can tell the extent of the mischief; and Dexter, who has stood for some years at the head of the trotters, is reported to have been spavined during all that period. It is not the plodders merely, but the high bloods also that suffer under the common doom. Be reasonable, then, with Dobbin. Should you trip and fall, you do not abandon all self-respect, nor give up business and look forward to an early grave. If your horse trips and falls, ten to one it is the fault of the driver; why abandon all hope and regard him as a worthless, superannuated brute, which you never again desire to see harnessed? Why, if you find him a little ailing some morning, conclude at once that his days of usefulness are over? Have a little consideration and patience. Don't buy a horse as a safe investment of money. A lottery ticket is better. But, having bought a horse, don't quarrel unreasonably with your fortune.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE LAVA STREAMS recently flowing from Mount Vesuvius have been described as "rushing torrents." The rate of flow, however, did not exceed 3000 feet an hour, and the average depth of the streams was about 16 feet. A very exact notion, it is said, may be formed of the "lava streams" by imagining a wall of gas coke, red within, black without, pushed forward by additions from behind, always crackling and falling over the top, now in bits as large as a walnut, and then in a long slaggy piece as large as a man's body, forming a resistless, black avalanche. The air above was quivering with the heat, and no noise was heard except the crackling of the vast "coke" field, occasionally disturbed by the thunder of the mountain as a shower of stones and ashes was forced through the gullet of the crater.

☞ That youth of thirteen was quite a philosopher, who, after having lost his rabbits by dogs and his pigeons by rats, remarked to his little sister, "That after all, he thought the happiest time in a boy's life was when he was three or four years old."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Young ladies at Cape May complain that the "Flirtation Walk" there is too brilliantly illuminated at night.

☞ A Terre Haute gentleman has invented a scalping machine, and will soon start for the plains to sell territorial rights.

☞ A young lady who has been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons who stop under her window at night to sing "If ever I cease to Love," wishes us to say if they will cease their foolishness, come in, and talk "business," they will confer a favor.

☞ The Spring style for the Sandwich Islander is announced. It is a red string about the left leg just above the knee.

☞ To a correspondent—You have been imposed upon. "The penny's mightier than the sword, is not a correct quotation.

☞ A Saratoga belle has hair that reaches nearly to the ground. This flower of fashion might therefore be called a hare-bell.

☞ The land of a western farm is so wet that the owner hoes his corn with a dipper and digs his potatoes with a hook and line.

"He-Never-Weeps" is the name of Red Cloud's only brother, and some of the papers disrespectfully speak of him as Old Dry Up.

☞ Young ladies at Newport, when they see a girl prettier than themselves, insinuatingly remark, "She doesn't put on her rouge well at all."

☞ In Massachusetts the legislative committee on the Hoosac tunnel is known as the committee of the hole.

☞ The solemnity of a Reading funeral was materially impaired by the efforts of a worldly-minded individual to dispose of a new kind of blacking to the bereaved friends.

☞ "I should think," said a customer to a green boy in an apothecary's shop, "that they couldn't catch codfish enough to supply all the cod liver oil that is sold now a days."

"Oh," replied the boy, "you see they make it now out of any fish's liver, and when they can't get fish enough dogs and cats come in splendid!"

☞ The latest musquito story comes from "way down east." A nervous traveller found some of them sitting on his bureau in his room quietly smoking his cigars, and one made bold enough to use his tooth brush.

☞ A good-natured traveller fell asleep in a train and was carried a few miles beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this, isn't it?" said he to a fellow passenger.

"Yes, but a little too far fetched," was the rejoinder.

☞ The adage "Where there's a will there's a way," is illustrated in a western town where the swains are so retiring that the young women can only get them (the swains) to squeeze them (the young women) by persuading the former to make bets on their weight and ascertain the same by lifting them.

☞ In the armory at Sir Walter Scott's seat, at Abbotsford, is the veritable musket of that redoubtable outlaw, Rob Roy.

☞ A young lady lost, a few days since, two diamond rings valued at twelve hundred dollars on the bathing beach at Narragansett Pier.

☞ An accomplished barber at West Point was seven years in the West Point band, and played the cornet, French horn and other instruments. Now he is a music teacher, as well as a barber, is a dealer in canary birds, and leads the choir in a Presbyterian church.

☞ A Western paper describes the manner of love-making practiced among some of its readers in the following paragraph: "The young people who were seen feeding each other dove-fashion, over a gate-post, the other evening, had better be a little more cautious in the future."

☞ Filkins, the express robber, now confined in the jail at Albany, N. Y., has had half his head shaved, and his beard cut away on one side, so that he may easily be recognized in the event of his escaping.

☞ Jack (proposing): "And you won't feel ashamed because I am so tall?" Dora (with an eye to the main chance): "All the better chance for you to 'come down' liberally, my dear."

☞ Philadelphia has done well in charity, and nobly. A thousand poor children were at East Fairmount Park on Saturday, and were made happy through the fund subscribed for these picnics.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

☞ A five-year-old visiting at the sea-shore, and obliged to sleep three in a bed, narrated her dream, which being unfinished she accounted for fully by not having room to dream the rest of it.

☞ A whole train of cars passed over a man in Minnesota named John Schneider, but when the engineer and conductor went to look for him he was walking off singing, "Schneider, how you vas?"

☞ The man who had the little difference with his wife, upon which she left him by moonlight alone, was found sitting up in bed with the frame of a shattered looking-glass about his neck, singing:—

"'Tis better to have lived and loved,
Than never to have loved at all."

☞ A lady bound for Long Branch from New York, the other day, saw her trunk falling over the steamer's railing, and like a prudent woman jumped in after it. The trunk and its contents were ruined; but the lady was fished out only a little demoralized.

☞ Why does a widow feel her bereavement less when she wears corsets? Because then she's solaced.

☞ How can we part? as the barber said to his bald-headed customer.

☞ A small girl defined dust as "mud with the juice squeezed out."

☞ A smart lad in San Antonio, Texas, recently took his stand by the side of a blind organ-grinder, and, hat in hand, solicited alms. When his tile was nearly filled by the sympathetic passers-by, he walked off, leaving the organist grinding away, utterly ignorant of the whole transaction.

☞ A little Danbury boy doesn't think his aunt is as pious as she pretends to be, when she puts so much starch in his Sunday shirt that he can't jump over a single post on his way to church.

☞ A tall, slim fellow is in trouble. He wants to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A kindly journal advises him to braid his legs and go as a whip-lash; swallow himself round and round a few dozen times, and go as a roll of tape; wrap himself in the American flag, and go as a barber's pole; bristle his hair up, and go as a whitewash brush; swallow a few marbles, and go as a rattle-box; put an insulator in his mouth, and go as a telegraph pole, or walk on his hands as a pair of scissors. If he does not fancy any of these costumes he might chalk his head and go as a billiard cue. He is in worse trouble now than before.

☞ MAIN STRENGTH.—Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered, and said to the player:

"My good friend, do you play by note?"

"The divil a note, sir."

"Do you play by ear, then?"

"Niver an ear, your honor."

"How do you play, then?"

"By main strength, be jabers."

☞ The other Sabbath, as a Lewiston, Maine, clergyman had reached the climax of his sermon, a yellow dog thrust his nose into the church, and with a good deal of bark strode up to the pulpit. The minister stayed his climax for a moment, gently seized the cur by the loose hide of the neck and bore the animal out of the church, returning with imperturbable self-command and finishing his sermon. Both subjects were handled well.

AT THE GREEN DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Charles Creese is over fifty now, but when he was twenty-five, Haworth-on-the-Hill was an entirely different place from the present city of that name.

It was a town then, and a pleasant town too, but the railway and a clique of speculators have changed all that, so Haworth-on-the-Hill is a bustling, thrifty, smoky city.

In the good old time, Elliott & Co., monopolized all the banking business of the town; now there are dozens of bankers—and the bulls and bears form anything but a happy family.

The heroes of my story, Charles Creese and Richard Kirke, were clerks to this firm of Elliott & Co. They were just entering the years of manhood. There was but slight difference in their ages, though Charles being the more robust and the taller of the two, appeared to be the elder. He was good-hearted and clear-headed, possessing that invincible perseverance which is so desirable a quality where success in business is concerned; withal, being young, he had a high opinion of his own superiority over the majority of his fellow-beings, and the airs of patronge he assumed to his friend Richard Kirke, were excessively amusing to the observer.

Kirke, however, never noticed this assumption of superiority, or if he did, smiled quietly to himself and forgot all about it. Richard Kirke possessed twice the intellect of his friend—for he and Creese were always on the best of terms, in spite of the latter's conceit—although he showed an unconquerable inaptitude, that almost amounted to stupidity, in business matters. He was handsome, with blue eyes and chestnut hair. He seemed to enjoy perfect health, but at times his cheeks would pale, and his clear eyes grow shadowed; the moment afterwards he would assume an air of unusual gayety which was only a mask to conceal his depression.

Richard Kirke, like his friend, was an orphan; unlike his friend, he was not wholly alone in the world—his sole relative was an aunt, Mrs. Morton.

This old lady was wealthy. Besides her husband's money, which was considerable, she had inherited the fortunes of several other members of her family; she was likewise the possessor of an amount of self-will and prejudice fully equalling her wealth. Her principal hobby was dislike to the modern systems of education. If a young man could read and write, she believed, that was sufficient; intercourse with the world would teach all that is necessary besides these two requisites. "Colleges are humbugs," she declared, "*her* nephew and heir presumptive should never enter one. He must become a man of business;" and, in practical illustration of her theory, Richard entered the establishment of Elliott & Co. Mrs. Morton meant well, but I think she made a mistake in placing her nephew there. His talents pointed in another direction; he wished to study, and, in spite of every obstacle, he did study with such good effect, that during the three years of his clerkship, he succeeded in remedying the defects of a very insufficient education. His aunt took care that he was not too-well supplied with funds. She wanted him to "rough it."

The two clerks lived at a cheap boarding-house. Richard, because his aunt wished it; Charles, because economy was an object.

One morning Richard came hurrying down the steep street (all the Haworth streets were steep) at a later hour than usual. Creese was in the office, awaiting him. His eyes were *brighter* than usual, and the half smile on his lips told that something pleasant had happened.

"Congratulate me, Charlie," he said, hanging up his coat, "my clerking days are nearly over."

"Are you going to leave?" asked Creese, a shade of regret in his tone. He did not like the idea of losing his only friend.

"Yes—and you'll go, too."

"I say, Dick, Elliott hasn't given us the sack, has he?" he demanded, anxiously.

Dick laughed.

"No such good luck as that. The truth is, I received a note last night from my aunt. She is in town, staying at The Green Dragon."

"The Green Dragon!" Charles exclaimed, dropping his pen and staring at his friend.

I will explain the cause of his surprise. Haworth-on-the-Hill in those days, was, though dull, exceedingly respectable, for this reason a black sheep in its midst, was all the more conspicuous. This black sheep was the landlord of the hotel quaintly named The Green Dragon. Not that any crime had ever been proved against him. No; he was only suspected. Several robberies had taken place, and people whispered that this man, Bill Griffiths, had a hand in them. However this might be, respectable people seldom frequented The Green Dragon.

"The Green Dragon!" Charles repeated.

Dick looked vexed.

"I visited her this morning, and told her, among other things, the general opinion of the place. She grew quite angry, and said she was too old to be advised by a mere boy, that she gave no credit to such silly falsehoods, that Governor somebody or other had once stayed at the Green Dragon, and that, if all this were not enough to disprove such rumors, the fact that *she* honored it by her presence, would restore its reputation. I was so taken aback by the last assertion that I couldn't say another word on the subject."

"What is her object in coming to Haworth? I think you said she had not visited the town for twenty years."

"Oh, Charlie, that's the best of it! She means to make arrangements for starting me in business. Only think how jolly it will be to be my own master! She asked me if I knew any suitable young fellow who would go in as a partner, she supplying all the capital. Of course, I mentioned your name."

Charles's face flushed, and expressed the gratitude he was unable to speak. Dick executed a gleeful pirouette on the toe of his boot, forgetting that Mr. Elliott was in the next room.

"I'm bothered," he continued, sitting down, "about her stopping at The Green Dragon. She has a large sum of money with her too, I understand. If you will call with me this evening you may be able to persuade her to leave that house, or, at least, to lodge the cash in a safer place."

"I'll try," returned Charles, having no doubt of his success. Was he not President of the Haworth Ciceronian Debating Society? What human being could resist that eloquence which had so often overpowered his fellow-members? So, putting his pen behind his ear, he began to think how he would go about it.

At that moment Mr. Elliott entered with some accounts, and put the orator's reflections to flight.

Evening came. After tea the young men started to walk to the other end of Haworth, where The Green Dragon stood.

Richard Kirke seemed strangely nervous. He walked silently beside his friend, who was mentally rehearsing the speech that was intended to make the most favorable impression on Mrs. Morton's mind. Once Richard opened his lips as if about to speak, hesitated, and again relapsed into silence.

"Charlie," he said, at last, "I am going to tell you a secret that has never been told out of our family."

"A secret!" exclaimed his friend.

"A matter of great importance—of life and death."

"But allow me to remind you, my dear Dick, that the street is not exactly the place for an important disclosure."

"It is just as safe as any other; besides I have put it off too long, and I want to tell it now. You may laugh at me, but I have a feeling as if some misfortune were about to happen, and in case—anyhow I think I'd better make a clean breast of it."

"You are morbid, Dick. Heave ahead though, if it will do you any good," returned Creese, resignedly.

"Well, Charlie, there's been a hereditary disease—I suppose I may call it—in our family for generations. The Kirkes, in their pride, have always kept the existence of this infirmity a secret. Even my aunt has never known it—although her first husband was my father's brother. It afflicted my father (he was the only Kirke who had a remedy), and he lived but a short time after it. The shock killed him. The knowledge that my turn will surely come, embitters my life."

Charles was listening intently—he had forgotten all about his speech.

"Any member of our family who suddenly experienced the shock of an exciting event, fell into a trance exactly resembling death. If the trance was not broken within ten days after the time of its commencement, the sufferer died—the trance became really death!"

"This is indeed strange."

"And fearful! My great-grandfather was an unusually robust man. The suddenly told news of his wife's death brought on this trance. The doctors came; they were useless; but on the eighth day he awoke as well as ever, and died at the age of seventy—thirty years after the attack. For a generation before him not one Kirke had escaped alive. Once, when my grandfather grew very angry, it came on. He died—but for the preceding ten days you could have seen the light and color of life in his eyes, lips and cheeks."

"Horrible! But"—

"Wait. My father, haunted by the dread expectation of this scourge of his race, spent half his fortune in seeking a cure. He succeeded in procuring from a German chemist a liquid, which, if administered before the lapse of ten days, awakens the sleeper. If the ten days go by, it is worthless."

"After all, Dick, *you* may never feel any violent shock."

"Is it likely that I shall prove an exception to the general rule? No, Charlie, I fear it is not. Now, I have left a vial of the liquid of which I spoke on the table in your room. I stepped in before you came up this evening. If *that* should happen," the poor fellow shuddered, "pour the contents of that vial down my throat."

"I promise," said Creese, solemnly, clasping his friend's hand. Words were too weak to express his sympathy.

Kirke thanked him, and looked as if a great weight had been lifted from his mind by the disclosure.

By this time they had reached The Green Dragon. It was situated in what had once been the most aristocratic portion of the town; but Fashion had beckoned her votaries in another direction, and for many years The Green Dragon had been an inn, though it still retained many of the characteristics of its former grandeur.

The present landlord, an obsequious, repressed-looking, snake-eyed specimen of humanity, met the young men at the door, and ushered them up-stairs into Mrs. Morton's sitting-room.

Mrs. Morton sat near a table, upon which rested her books and a work-basket. She was a thin, old woman plainly dressed, with a sharp, resolute, yet not unkindly, expression on her wrinkled face.

Dick introduced his friend.

"You are punctual," she said, with a short nod, "I like punctuality—the more because it's old-fashioned and out-of-date. I suppose Richard has told you why I wished to see you."

Richard said he had. Charles merely bowed, feeling somehow that his oratorical display would be wasted on this old lady.

"Am I to conclude that you are willing to enter into a partnership with my nephew, I supplying the funds?"

"I should be very grateful for such an opportunity. It would be the realization of a cherished dream."

"People are usually delighted when there is a prospect of getting hold of other people's money," she said, grimly.

"Let it be understood, madam," Charles rejoined, "that if the arrangement of which you speak should be completed, half the contributed capital would be regarded by me as a loan, to be repaid with interest."

"You are independent, Mr. Charles Creese," she said, sarcastically, slightly raising her voice.

"I hope to remain so, madam."

"Indeed! Then you would not be willing to obey my instructions while holding my money?"

"Not unconditionally."

"And why?"

"Because women are not supposed to know the ins and outs of business. You might instruct me to do something that would swamp the firm."

A gleam of laughter shone in her eyes.

"How conceited you men are! But would you obey me in other matters—my own business affairs for instance?"

Charles hesitated an instant, and then, carried away by his desire to make a speech, began, "In anything not derogatory to my self-respect, or—"

"There! That's sufficient!" she cried, pushing a large book from the table with a crash. "You insult me by such a nonsensical supposition—"

"Excuse me, madam—"

"A woman who has taken care of her property until she's my age, and who has brought ten thousand to Haworth, without telling the fact to a soul, is certainly worthy of *some* trust. But you had better go, sirs. The insufferable arrogance of beardless boys is scarcely credible. Good-night, gentlemen!"

They went out out, somewhat crestfallen. The landlord was waiting at the room-door with a pitcher of ice-water.

"I've been knocking at this door five minutes," he said, coolly, "I didn't care to interrupt."

The door was ajar, and he must have heard every word of the conversation.

"It's all up now!" said Dick, gloomily.

"I am sorry that my words offended her. I am sure I did not mean them to produce that effect; but plain speaking is always getting me into scrapes."

"You said what was proper," rejoined Dick. "She always was rather eccentric. She may come round, though. I say, Charlie, that landlord is a villainous looking fellow. I wish you could have said something about her leaving here."

"Suppose we go back?" suggested Creese, rather reluctantly. His faith in the effect of his own eloquence had become a little shaken by a near view of Mrs. Morton.

"No," returned Dick, "it would be useless now."

And they went on.

Feeling that the remainder of the narrative can be better given in Creese's own words, I subjoin a portion of a journal written by him during or shortly after the most eventful part of his life.

February 1, 18—. I received a note from that incomprehensible old woman—Dick's aunt—this morning. It ran:—

Charles Creese—I am going out to dinner; but I will be at home at nine P. M. Call with my nephew at that hour. If you do not find me in, wait. S. Morton.

It is to be hoped her mood may be more amiable than that of last night.

February 16. I feel as if I had just awakened from a horrid dream. I can scarcely believe that it is really over; but it is, though I shudder at the memory of that night's work—the events seem constantly re-enacting before me.

In compliance with Mrs. Morton's expressed desire, Dick and I set out to pay her a second visit on the evening of the first instant. It was extremely dark when we left our boarding-house. Neither moon nor stars were visible. The lamps on our route were few and far between. Perhaps the gloom had something to do with it, but I noticed that Dick was unusually low-spirited.

"I think that the people of Pompeii must have felt as I do now when the vapor from Vesuvius had begun to roll down upon them," Dick said. "I am strangely depressed. "I feel as if my doom were near."

"You told me something of the sort the other night." And I laughed. "It's all fancy!"

But Dick shook his head.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached The Green Dragon. The front of the house was dark.

"Shut up for the night," I said, trying the knob. The door was not locked, however, so we entered, finding no light in the vestibule, and groped our way up the unilluminated stairs. Dick was about a yard in advance, as I had stopped a moment before closing the hall-door to look down the street. We could see the light gleaming through a crack in Mrs. Morton's door as we went up.

Dick knocked at the door. It flew open suddenly, and a man sprang out. He passed Dick. I made a clutch at him, but he avoided my grasp, and dashing down the steps, ran out by the hall-door. I was about to follow him, when an agonized moan fell on my ears. I turned, and saw Dick standing in the open doorway. With eyes wildly distended, he was gazing at some object within the room. Before I could join him, he fell, uttering another moan, prostrate on the threshold of the chamber. With a bound I reached the top of the stairs. The scene that met my sight is engraven on my eyeballs yet in all its horror. It will never leave me.

The room was in disorder. Mrs. Morton lay near its centre, her head resting against the foot of an easy-chair. The white ground of the carpet beneath her had turned crimson. Blood was slowly dripping from a wound in her right temple. It needed but a second to assure me that she was quite dead.

The chamber seemed to have been thoroughly ransacked. Boxes, drawers, and articles of apparel were scattered around. A long steel poker lay near the door, and near it was a roll of bank notes. Obeying the first impulse—scarcely knowing what I did—I picked up both the poker and the notes. They were stained. A cold shudder ran through me as some of the stain rubbed off on my hands.

Hurrying steps sounded on the stairs. The landlord came up, followed by a waiter. They both halted an instant before my prostrate friend. Then Bill Griffiths rushed at me, crying:

"Seize him! Seize the murderer!"

The waiter and he threw themselves upon me. I struggled with all my strength, using the poker to defend myself. Like a flash the thought occurred to me that *I* might be suspected of this terrible crime. I dropped the poker, and immediately surrendered myself. I had forgotten the notes completely. The waiter took them from my unresisting hand.

My mind grew confused. I could hardly think. Several persons had come up to the room, attracted by the noise of the scuffle. They consisted of hangers-on about the hotel. One of them had knelt down, and was holding Dick's head. He moved aside as Bill Griffiths and the waiter led me out.

"That young fellow is a gone case—dead as a door nail," I heard the man say.

Dead! Dick dead! What could me mean? I attempted to disengage myself from my guardians, in order to approach him, but their hold on me was like iron. It was all nonsense, though, Dick could not have died. It might be a swoon, but stay!—was it the trance? The thought of such a possibility filled me with horror, and shocked my mind into activity. What if people would really suspect me of murder? Appearances might warrant it. I had been found alone with the murdered woman and the bloody instrument—but enough! My blood ran cold. Suppose they should imprison me—how should I be able to help Dick—to use the remedy of which he had spoken? These thoughts were horrible!—horrible! But, after all, they arose from a mere hypothesis, hope whispered, Dick might not have fallen in a trance.

Plunged in thought I walked along the silent street, noticing that the landlord and the waiter had been replaced by a couple of policemen.

The most fervent prayer of my life was uttered that night—it was for Richard Kirke—that the trance might be averted.

The next day's sun shone upon me through a barred window. I was in jail. I had not slept during the night. As the hours crept slowly on, I had looked at my position in every light. My nocturnal reflections had given me additional reason for wishing that my friend might be still alive and in the enjoyment of his usual faculties. The man who had escaped was the murderer no doubt. As he ran down stairs in the dark, I had not recognized him; Dick perhaps had, and could identify him. I had been found near the dead body; the instrument of the murder and the slaughtered woman's notes, were in my possession. The landlord of The Green Dragon and the waiter could swear to all this, and Dick would be the one witness in my favor.

The jailor, a stolid, red-faced man, entered, bringing my breakfast. He was taciturn at first, but after some vain questioning, I succeeded in learning that they had taken Dick to our boarding-house. He was dead, the jailor said, bluntly informing me at the same time, that he believed I had killed the old woman for her money, and then knocked the young man on the head, so that he could not tell of the deed. Becoming more communicative, he added, that this was the belief of everybody who had spoken to him of the affair. Bill Griffiths, he said, had declared that Mrs. Morton and I had quarrelled on the evening preceding the murder. The bar-tender and the waiter corroborated this, saying they had heard an altercation, and the sound of a fall.

I myself knew that there had been nothing of the kind. Mrs. Morton had raised her voice, and pushed a book from the table, that was all, but what might not the landlord of The Green Dragon, if called as a witness, make of these trifling circumstances—especially if he had a motive—especially *if* he wished to screen himself.

Was his the figure that had passed us on the stairs? He bore a bad character, but that was no proof that he had committed this particular crime, I told myself, but the suspicion would not leave my mind.

The jailor's words convinced me that my friend lay in the long-dreaded trance, and that of help from that quarter there was no hope.

The jailor, having waited until I finished breakfast, was about to leave the cell, when I stopped him.

I had resolved to risk all the worldly wealth I possessed on one hope.

"Do you wish to earn some money?" I asked.

He looked at me inquiringly, and answered—

"Of course."

"Well, it's nothing that will compromise you in any way—I don't want to break jail. You shall have, say one hundred and fifty dollars."

He laid down his tray of dishes, and prepared to listen to my proposal.

"Do you know where the house is to which Mr. Kirke has been conveyed?"

"No. 9 River street," he answered readily.

"Well, you must go there, and ask to be shown to Charles Creese's room. Tell them who you are, and that I have sent you. On the table you will find a vial—the only one there—bring it to me, and I will instruct you further."

"All right, sir."

In an hour he returned with a small vial, filled with a colorless liquid, and bearing a label upon which Dick had written, "You know when to use this." The jailor was extremely reluctant to give it to me. He feared I intended to poison myself.

"Can you get out of jail again?" I asked. He answered in the affirmative.

"Do you think you could obtain access to the room in which Richard Kirke is lying?"

A look of surprise overspread the man's stolid countenance.

"I suppose I could, sir."

"Do so then. You will find him to all appearance dead. Open his mouth and force this liquid down his throat; then watch the effect. Here are fifty dollars. If the experiment ends as I hope, I will give you a check on the Haworth bank for the additional hundred."

The man took the money, looking as he did so as if he suspected that I was a lunatic. "Well, this here stuff can't do the dead fellow any harm, but to pay a hundred and—"

"I am willing to pay it. Two lives perhaps depend on the result."

He left me. Several hours passed. I hope never to live through such hours again. Next to despair, suspense is the most harrowing emotion that can afflict a human heart and mind. If it be true that mental torture has power to turn the hair gray, mine should have turned while I waited the jailor's return. Fearful suppositions and forebodings agitated me. A hundred wild A noise was heard outside the door. Footfears crossed my brain.

steps were approaching. My heart ceased to beat.

The jailor entered, and close behind him, pale and weak, came Dick Kirke!

"You have saved me, Charlie!" he said.

"That check, if you please, sir," broke in the jailor, "and you can go out now, for we want this cell for Bill Griffiths. The policemen are bringing him in."

Dick had recognized the landlord as he passed him on the stairs. On examination everything of any value contained in The Green Dragon, was found to be packed up ready for removal. Griffiths had doubtless intended to fly after obtaining Mrs. Morton's money. Our arrival induced him to alter his plan, and suggested the idea of throwing the blame on one or both of us. The waiter was likewise arrested as an accomplice.

March 1.—The landlord of The Green Dragon is no more. Last night he escaped from prison by bribing the jailor. He attempted to swim the river. The night was rough; and to-day his body was washed ashore on the sands below Haworth. Of course they will discharge the waiter.

By his aunt's will, Dick inherits her entire fortune. And to-morrow he starts for college, while I will begin business here on my own account. It is not likely that the trance will ever come to him again—for there is no record that it has ever afflicted more than once any member of the Kirke family; however, he has the German chemist's remedy; and, whatever may befall him, a friend who will be true to him to the last!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The election in North Carolina, August 1st, passed off quietly. The returns show Conservative gains, and Merriman, the Democratic candidate, is doubtless elected by a considerable majority. A large vote was polled, and the utmost exertions were made on both sides.

Christine Nilsson was married at Westminster Abbey, July 27, to M. Rouzeud, of Paris. The nuptials were witnessed by an immense assemblage of people, including many of the aristocracy and well-known artists. Among those present were Baron Brunnow, the Russian Minister; Mr. Schenck, the American Minister; Lady Peel and M'lle Tietjens. The Secretary of the Swedish Legation gave the bride away, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Dean Stanley. The presents received by Mlle. Nilsson on her marriage amount to £12,000 in value. The Princess of Wales sent a diamond bracelet to the bride.

The American residents of Paris lately entertained Mr. Stanley, the New York Herald correspondent, at a banquet, at which Minister Washburne presided, and a hundred guests were present, including most of the resident correspondents of American journals. Mr. Washburne, proposing the toast of the evening, traced the expedition of Stanley into Africa from its origin to the discovery of Dr. Livingstone, and said this achievement added new honor to the American name, already renowned for such enterprise. Stanley, responding, said, that such honors as attended the expedition belonged to Mr. Bennett. He entertained the company for some time with accounts of his travels and adventures in Turkistan, Russia, the Crimea, Jerusalem, etc. Among the notabilities present was Mr. Home, the well-known spiritualist medium.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

At Philadelphia, July 27, the Athletic defeated the Boston by a score of 9 to 1.

MUTUAL VS. ATLANTIC.

At New York, August 1, the Mutual defeated the Atlantic by a score of 5 to 4.

BOSTON VS. ATLANTIC.

At Brooklyn, July 29, the Boston defeated the Atlantic by a score of 18 to 12.

☞ A Chinaman in Weatherville, California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead, likee half money."

☞ It is reported that many relics of the aborigines have recently been found along the Susquehanna river and on the hillside, by men while working on the Columbia and Port Deposit road—such as battle axes, arrow heads, etc. They are said to be whole and in a perfect state of preservation.

☞ A young lady, aged 87, eloped with a boy, aged 50, recently, at Beaver Dam, Wis.

☞ Minnesota offers to erect a statue to the man who will invent a potato-bug exterminator.

☞ A civil war broke out among the bees owned by an extensive apiarist in Aurora, Ill., and 95 swarms out of 110 were slaughtered on the field of battle.

☞ Fort Wayne, Ind., sports a gold-mounted hearse, and thus carries her Wayne-ity even to the tomb.

☞ The "Religious Remembrancer" is said to have been the first religious paper published in the world. Its first number appeared in Philadelphia, September 4, 1813.

☞ The Emperor of Russia will persist in wearing a soft hat, much to the chagrin of those who believe it unbecoming his dignity.

THE SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.—For the man and woman who purely and truly love each other, and are guided by the law of justice, marriage is not a state of bondage. Indeed, it is only when they become, by this outward acknowledgment, publicly avowed lovers, that freedom is realized by them in its full significance. Thereafter they can be openly devoted to each other's interests, and avowedly chosen and intimate friends. Together they can plan life's battles, and enter upon the path of progress that ends not with life's eventide. Together they can seek the charmed avenues of culture, and, strengthened by each other, can brave the world's frown in the rugged but heaven-lit path of reform. Home, with all that is dearest in the sacred name, is their peaceful and cherished retreat, within whose sanctuary bloom the virtues that make it a temple of beneficence.

☞ Depraved people in Wisconsin make turkeys fight.

☞ A fish dealer in one of the towns of Worcester county, ordered a box of haddock from Boston a few days since, and it came marked C. O. D., whereat he indulged in very strong language, because he had ordered haddock not cod.

☞ A writer in the American Register, of Paris, says some sharp things of Americans in Europe. He says:—"When I see men and women who never had any grandfathers—at least none worth speaking of—who rose from nothing, and whose elevation is due to the institutions of our country—when, I repeat, I see such people going about Europe abusing the generous hand that has uplifted them, declaring that there is too much liberty in America, that the people (pray who are they but the people?) should be taught their place, that we need a strong government (like Napoleon's), and that America will not be a fit residence for ladies and gentlemen until we have it, I think of the serpents warmed into life only to sting their benefactors. Treachery more foul is not conceivable; yet there are quite a number of such traitors, so many that they have often been quoted by foreigners as proof of the rottenness of a democracy. 'These European Americans are a bad lot,' exclaimed an Oxford professor not long since. 'They do neither you nor me any credit.' 'When an American comes to us from the United States,' said a Cambridge man shortly after, 'he is likely to be a good fellow and clever, but when he comes from Europe he is a poor creature and generally a snob. He tries to pass for an Englishman, and one man was awfully out up the other day when I told him that I knew him to be an American by his accent. He was trying to talk Cockney!'"

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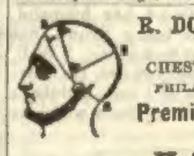

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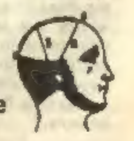

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WIT AND HUMOR.

JAKE JOHNSON'S MULE.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about the mule. He, the animal, could kick higher, hit harder, on the slightest provocation, and act uglier, than any mule on record. One morning, riding on his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs's weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly. "How are you, Jim? Fine morning." "Hearty, squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he is the best mule in this country. Paid five hundred dollars for him." "Great smash! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim. "Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I'll bet he can kick a fly off from any man without hurting him." "Now, look here, squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you on that myself." "Jim, there is no use; do not bet; I do not want to win your money." "Do not be alarmed, squire; I will take such bets as them every time." "Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars." "All right, squire, you're my man. But who will he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I; you try it." "No," said Johnson; "I have to be by the mule's head to order him." "Oh, yaas," said Jim. "Then probably I am the man. Well, I will do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if I risk it." "All right," quoth the squire. "Now here is a fly on your shoulder; stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule. "Whist, Jervey," said he. The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch bang up against a rail-fence. Rising in a towering rage, he exclaimed: "Yaas, that is smart! I knew the darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I would not be kicked like that again for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them are stakes for it, anyhow." "Not so fast, Jim; Jervey did just what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off a man without hurting him. You see the mule is not injured by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish." "The deuce take you!" growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me than try it again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it." And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself, "Sold, by thunder, and kicked by a mule."

THE VENTRILOQUIST ON THE DOCK.

Quite an exciting time, says a recent number of the Cleveland Herald, occurred at one of our wharves recently.

The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when, to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy; these plaguey nails hurt. I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanding to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed:

"That beats the Dickens!"

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within the cask the voice came forth:

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me," said the voice; "I want to get out; I won't stand this any longer."

"Up and the cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't! you'll kill me," said the voice. "Oh, how these nails prick! Look out—don't!" again said the casked-up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "unhead that cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth:

"Be easy now; is there any one about? I don't want to be caught."

Quite a crowd had now gathered round the scene of action, when a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was found filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow" as we walked off arm in arm with the ventriloquist and magician.

THE SIZE OF ADAM.

We learn from a recent book that Adam (whom many of our readers will doubtless remember as the first man) was, according to rabbinical tradition, one hundred miles high. If this is really true, every one of us ought to be fervently thankful that the race has dwindled since Adam's day. It is appalling to think of the inconvenience and expense to which we should be subjected if we retained Adam's dimensions. A man would require, we should judge, trowsers fifty miles long, and about four hundred furlongs of suspenders. And, if we were to preserve the proper proportions in our dress, we should each require about sixty thousand cubic feet of high hat. When a small family of such men died, they would occupy the entire State of Pennsylvania as a cemetery; and the way the undertaker would accumulate charges for coffins would be simply frightful. So it is better as it is. Adam did very well while he was alone in the world; but just at present a man of his inches, who lived in Philadelphia, could hardly sit down without mashing Lancaster out of existence.

An Old Lady's Farewell.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' good care o' yourself when ye are awa'; they eat puppies in China."

He Couldn't Tell.—"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, darling, I can't tell, 'cause you see, there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

Not Surprising.—"Do you know," said Miss Miggins (forty-three and spare—too spare, indeed,) "I am, oh! such a sensitive, nervous, timid thing? I am, indeed." "That surprises me," I said. "Oh! but it's true, really. I am frightened at my own shadow." "That does not surprise me," I exclaimed.

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said an accountant at his breakfast. "Why so?" inquired his wife. "'Cause I don't think it would ever settle," he replied.

When is a steamboat like a witness in a trial? When it is bound to a-pier.

Oh, the Brute!—That dreadful man P—— says he never saw a public execution, but he was once party to a marriage.

THE ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

And dost thou love me yet?
Hath Time no power to blot from out thy heart
The image thou hast shrined from all apart,
As in a casket set?

Have days and years sped on,
Bringing to thee no change, nor thought of change?
Has thou looked, all unmoved, on faces strange,
And thought of me alone?

In halls of revelry,
Beside the banquet table, where red wine
Sparkled in crystal cups, a draught divine,
Came there a thought of me?

When bright eyes sought thy own,
And with soft, tender glances strove to cast
A spell around thy heart, hushing the past,
Did'st think of days agone?

In pleasure's siren train,
Following in her footsteps night and day,
Came there a memory of one far away,
Thrilling thy heart with pain?

'Mid all life's changing scenes,
Roaming at will o'er land, or dark-blue sea,
Could'st thou not banish from thy memory,
Nor even from thy dreams,

The love of early youth?
O! then, if this be true, if ruthless time
Hath held no power to change that heart of thine,
Nor dim its lasting truth—

If, as in days agone,
Spite of the traces these sad years have left
Upon my cheek, of youth's bright bloom bereft,
Thou lovest me alone—

Then am I wholly thine!
Let us forget the past with all its woe!
Now do I pledge thee, in the red wine's flow,
Forever—ever *mine!*

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 30.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

The night was so gloomy and threatening that I was not only surprised, but actually amazed that any persons but men should endeavor to get on until the prospects brightened.

For more than an hour we had been talking about the Western country, its hardships and dangers, and wondering if as much exposure and general "roughing it in the bush" might not warrant success *anywhere*, even at home; and then Dave came up to his feet, performed the marriage ceremony between the top button and the opposite button-hole of his coat lappels, settled his cap down closely to his alert ears and remarked:

"Time's up, gentlemen; and if any one of you are going in my *barge* he better drag out his dry and tariff goods, for in just twenty minutes we start."

One after another dissented.

"Guess I shall wait over until to-morrow; or by Jings! I don't know—can't see an inch before your nose, can you?"

"You don't need to," suggests Dave, gravely, looking with an imperturbable stare at the speaker's olfactory organ, "and that distance will allow of your shunning breakers. But really, gentlemen, I have no inducements to offer in order to secure your agreeable companionship. The ride to Sheltonville is but another name for pitch and toss; and beyond that, to Shapely Junction, you are not crowded for room, to be sure, but the way is seamed with obstructions; you are liable to be hemmed in by the free riders of the plains, and are liable to be felled with some fierce gesture of their random moving arms. However nicely you may be tucked in you are pretty sure of a fray at or before the end, and *sew*, it behooves you to *gather* around mine host's hospitable fire and *darn* the weather, the route, and the dangers."

And having thus pointedly relieved his surcharged mind Dave began drawing on his gloves.

"The ladies are going," the host announced to our infinite astonishment, and I was glad that I had concluded to move on also, for the companionship of females in that new country was a state of things devoutly to be prayed for.

Just then a slight, trim figure put in her appearance, and asked in a soft voice:

"Are you going to drive to-night, Mr.—Mr.—Dave?"

"Going to drive to-night," concisely affirmed Mr. Dave, pulling nervously at his moustache; "in just ten minutes," looking at his watch, "the old barge will leave her moorings."

"In just five minutes I will be ready," and she turned lightly about and left the apartment.

"Don't like it," muttered Dave as she disappeared, and listening to the damp canvas awning outside as it slapped the uprights of the piazza, he said, "I'd rather have charge of forty thousand doubloons and Samuel's steel-jawed bags beside than of a woman on a dangerous route. If we should have a *'scrimmage,'* Carnes, what shall we do with her? Hang the woman!"

A soft hand was laid meaningly upon his sleeve; a dimpled face peered into his; and "You do, Mr. Dave, you know you do. Your whole sex are hangmen. You are forever preparing the noose into which we are coaxed to thrust our confiding necks, and you watch our expiring struggles with demoniac glee," was the sharp retort of the little lady, who had returned, unobserved, and overheard Dave's concluding ungallant remark.

A general laugh at his expense immediately followed her speech.

Dave, flushing to the roots of his hair, plucked off his cap, bowed low and said:—"I beg a thousand pardons, madam."

"One will do," was the smiling reply.

The horses were now trampling outside, having been brought up for the start.

"I would suggest, madam," farther remarked the driver, "that if your business be not very important, you postpone your journey until daylight. It is a bad night to get on."

"And no better to remain," she affirmed, in a low voice, glancing with a shiver at the rough, large gathering of miners and rowdies around the bar, who watched her every movement with an intensity that was nerve-trying at the least.

With this, we started outside and found a most uninviting state of things. A heavy wet fog was lying low, and threatened to concentrate its mistiness a little later into a soaking drizzle. A gusty fall wind was scouring about the plains and wantonly lifting the canvas awnings in its way, bringing them down to the posts again with a rattling slap that sounded weird and lonesome. As we drew near the stage the other woman who had come into the embryo village after dusk, in season to meet the regular carriage, now issued from the crowd of gaping spectators who had gathered out of curiosity to see us off. We had forgotten all about her, as being weary from her long walks she had lain down for an hour's rest.

I turned to assist her inside with the other female, but to my surprise she objected. "I choose to ride on the outside," she said, with a disagreeable voice that suggested the disease of snuff in the nose, or the possibility that in the transmigration of souls, she had originally been a raven, and had not yet got rid of all the croak peculiar to that ominous bird.

"You'll be wet through and chilled in a little time, ma'am; hadn't you better go inside."

"A woman as is used to prairie life don't so much mind exposure as caged birds," was the rough reply as the woman glanced at the little lady being just then escorted to the interior of the old, rocking, weather-stained vehicle which Dave Saunders had humorously denominated his barge.

"Besides," the woman went on in her unpleasant manner, "I should suffocate in there with my sick son awaiting my coming at W——."

No more arguments were brought forward and we all took our seats. Dave ignited the wicks of his lanterns, which soon lighted up the front of the vehicle with all the mellow radiance of two white beans. In fact, the fog was so dense that the lanterns' light could not penetrate to the road beneath the horses feet; but the small blaze hanging from the roof inside gave us each other's features in a peculiar, beef-tallow hue.

As soon as we were started I turned to my companion to make some remark, and found her face so changed from the expression which she wore in the bar-room, that I was startled and at a loss to divine the meaning of it.

Just at that moment she leaned forward as if to speak, and then as suddenly checked herself, and shrank into a corner; and the lively, chatty companion that I thought to have for the tiresome twenty miles' ride had as surely disappeared as if the corporeal frame had gone as well. For the first two or three miles the questions that I asked her were answered in a quick, frightened manner, and somehow I got the impression that she felt like a person blinded by a blaze of lightning, and momentarily expecting another glare. I was never so at a loss for the sudden and unaccountable change which I had witnessed.

The night grew dark and darker. When I raised the window for a few moments as we slowly ascended the rises in the broken, rolling portion of the route, I could hear the murmur of sullen brooks and rills winding through the bushes under the fog. It was dismal in the extreme outside, and not much brighter within. I should have thought my companion asleep in the corner, had she not frequently started forward as if to speak to me, and then again drawn back.

And thus we got over seven or eight miles, and I knew the section well. It was a tract of land lying in close proximity to a reservation, and alternately populated by enterprising pioneers and depopulated by wandering bands of predatory savages.

At first Dave and the outside passenger had exchanged a few questions; but at the distance out which I have named they were strangely silent. Suddenly it seemed to me that some dark body flitted past the window. I could not have seen it, I must have sensed it, for the darkness was intense, and I, aroused from my half dozing state, became immediately conscious that we were moving forward at accelerated speed. I sprang bolt upright, listened, and tried to see outside. All was dark and impenetrable. But we were going at a fierce rate, the vehicle rolling from side to side and threatening to overturn if it came in contact with the least obstacle.

Had the horses become suddenly frightened? It might be. What other solution was there to arrive at? Just then the little woman opposite leaned towards me and plucked my sleeve.

"May I speak to you?" she asked, with a terrified voice.

"You may—what is it?"

"Oh, you—*you* are not in league with that terrible woman outside, are you?"

"What woman?" I questioned, with only a half sense of what or whom she meant.

"That dreadful—woman up there is no woman."

"Hist! for God's sake," I gasped, "speak low—what do you mean?"

"The wind flapped aside her—her oil-cloth cape when she got up to the seat, and I saw the butts of two pistols in the belt."

I began to comprehend.

"The terrible hoarse voice—it was no woman—and—and oh!—" She rung her hands in a sort of mute horror. "And didn't a heavy body strike the ground just—oh, just before the horses began this—this dreadful pace!"

We were going at such a fearful rate that connected articulation was difficult.

"What then?" I had caught at her meaning, but chose that she should word the horror that had entered my mind.

"Hasn't he murdered, Mr.—Mr.—Dave? Wasn't that his body that fell with a thump a moment ago? Isn't that dreadful man—woman—running this—this stage where he and his gang can congregate to rob the mail?"

"Sh!" I again cautioned. "You are correct in every particular, and death is inevitable for us unless there is instant action. Wait."

I had ridden with Dave Saunders before. I knew every cranny of his old barge. Directly behind the driver's seat was a slide that overshot a goodly-sized aperture, through which, in rainy weather, when there were no passengers, any package could be dropped inside, or communication be held with persons within. If the villain upon the box, in his haste, had forgotten this place, there was room for a morsel of hope. None otherwise; for to leap out would be to be left immediately, at the tremendous gallop at which the animals were going. Besides, I liked the sturdy little driver, Dave, and would wish to give him a good turn if he were not dead.

Secretly admiring the fortitude of the brave little woman which did not allow a cry to escape her, in an instant I had conveyed my plan to her, and then leaping up and holding by the hooks at the top of the carriage, I got my finger into the thumb dent of the slide, and cautiously moved it back. It was a generous opening, and I got my head and shoulders through without discovery. The dipping and rolling lanterns showed that the woman's bonnet was off, and in its place a skull cap fitted closely down upon the bushy head. I drew back my arm, holding firmly upon the barrel of a heavy horse pistol, and brought the butt, with all my strength, against the side of the long, narrow head before me. He reeled, and would have toppled headlong to the ground, but with a remarkable muscular effort I drew my one hundred and thirty avoirdupois up on to the box, clung for dear life to the outside passenger with one hand, and dropping my pistol got hold of the reins with the other, and tried with all my illy situated powers to bring the horses into subjection before they should overturn and break us down, or carry us directly into some ambush ahead.

"Please move, please move just a little, and bend your neck this way so that I can grasp your shoulder and get up through this hole," said our heroine; and complying with her request to the utmost of my circumscribed position, in a moment I felt the clutch of my soft little garroter getting herself upon the top of the rocking, dipping vehicle. She then clambered promiscuously along over my own and the feet of the "unwashed heathen," and leaning fearlessly over the fender, she swept together the straggling and demoralized ribbons, and with a cool dexterity that even at the time I was forced to admire, she, in a moment, got the horses into subjection, and determinedly hauled the leaders to the right; and to the right came the next pair and then those attached to the shaft, and while I held to my precarious perch by bracing my feet to the extent of my muscular latitude, and fumbled over poor Dave's straps and belts for a strong splice meet for the company, that wonderful woman had got us safely turned round and was going back to find Dave.

Some subtle soul-magnetism took the reins for telegraph wires, and got word to those high-shouldered leaders that there was a change of base, for they soothed their marrow bones immediately with a Christian-ized trot. After using a little less than forty fathoms of tackle in tethering my captive, I dragged him on top of the barge, and just superfluously asked the little woman if she could drive while I ran on ahead and looked for Dave's body. I found him two miles back on the route, luckily not as dead as he might have been. From where he was thrown off he had rolled into a puddle of water, which had aided in restoring him to consciousness. He had heard the trampling of the returning horses, and when he made out the old barge with her dead-lights close aboard of him, he concluded that it was a mirage of the brain, but yelled "Ahoy!" all the same.

"You're not dead, then!" I exclaimed in a burst of delight.

"——! dead? No, sir; got to pickle that d—— sardine first. He struck a *lucifer* wild and wholly unexpectedly. Gad! there is some sense in wearing large ears, if they are mulish. Had the devil rapped the lid of my knowledge box an inch further forward, the *post mortem* fellows could have got at the dimensions and weight of my mental sponge without any lief or liking. The greatest sell that I ever encountered in my life."

Then questions and explanations followed, while Dave, confessing to feeling a little dizzy, concluded to turn off from the direct route to escape a probable ambuscade.

We said some smart things to the little woman, who proved to be the wife of General H——, then commanding the troops at Fort W——.

We found that our old sardine was none other than Bill Wiggs, a notorious half-breed border ruffian.

Unwise Blame.—It is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial, erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.—*George Eliot.*

☞ Barbers should frequently wash their hands. A stranger, whose nose had been gripped for the eighth time by the offensive fingers of his tonsorial manager, blew the soap from his mouth and suddenly inquired, "Was the body identified?" "What body?" asked the startled shaver. "What body!" repeated the stranger, in surprise. "Why, haven't you been on a coroner's jury?"

☞ Motto for a cat-show—"Come to the scratch."

☞ "Excuse haste and a bad pen," as the pig said when he broke out.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Peter. "Mornin', Squire! You be up early!"
Squire. "Good morning, Peter—I'm obliged to be up and out early to get an appetite for my breakfast. But what brings you out?"
Peter. "Well, I be tryin' to get a brekfus for my appetite!"

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H. asks: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. Do you pay for contributions to the riddler? 2d. Is Charles Francis Adams a son of John Quincy Adams? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting for a boy of fifteen?" 1st. No. 2d. Yes. 3d. Very good for your age.

Green (Tennessee) writes: "Having noticed how kindly you answer I have been tempted to ask you a question. I want to know what the Talmud is. I have seen it quoted in your columns several times, and in other papers. What place has no latitude or longitude? or is there such a place? Is paper like this the style now?" The Talmud is an ancient Jewish work containing the rabbinical interpretation of the law of Moses. It is called the traditional or unwritten law, and is supposed to be as ancient as the written law, and to have been preserved orally until the period of the dispersion of the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans under Adrian. These traditions were then first written, through fear that they would be lost, about A. D., 190, by the Rabbi Jordah. To this written copy have been since added a series of commentaries. There is no latitude or longitude, under the American system, where the meridian of Washington crosses the equator; under the English, where that of Greenwich crosses the equator. All that style demands in paper is neatness and purity of surface.

Gideon Hubad (Illinois) says: "I am a young man, by profession a druggist, in a small country town. Near my store is the post-office, which is tended by a young lady, who has some of her lady friends with her nearly all of the time. If I come in sight I am hailed with a giggle, and if I go down cellar to look at them, they are sure to see me, and a hearty laugh among them is the result. Not content with this they offer me pieces of pie, and bread and butter, as if I were a mere baby. Now I have only been in the place a short time, and am a stranger to them all. Please tell me what to do, as all this makes me very unhappy. Do not pass this by unnoticed, for though it may seem of small consequence to you, it is very hard for me to bear. Also please tell me what you think of my writing for a business man." We can appreciate your situation. It must be very annoying. At the same time it is no easy matter to disarm a bevy of girls who have found what they consider a source of fun. There must have been something undignified in your department to give them the cue for such behavior. This you should strive to remedy. As for the girls, any harsh measures with them would only make the matter worse, and there are only two courses of action which we can advise. The first is to pay no attention to their merriment. Don't show to face or manner that they annoy you. Don't go into the cellar to look at them. If they see that their fun is wasted, they will probably seek a less impassive subject. The other course is to laugh when they laugh, and louder than they. Go for the pie when they offer it. Turn the tables on them in some pleasant way, if you can. Get acquainted. In short, let them see that you can give and take a joke.

Tramster (Tenville, Georgia) writes: "You will greatly oblige me by answering a few questions through the columns of your excellent paper, viz.: 1st. What causes an earthquake? 2d. What causes mistletoe to grow on trees? 3d. How many burning volcanoes are there known to be at present, and what causes them to burn? 4th. What do you think of my handwriting?" The cause of earthquakes is unknown. It is connected with the phenomena of volcanoes, and proceeds from some unknown source of disturbance in the earth's interior. Mistletoe belongs to the numerous tribe of parasitic plants, whose seeds, borne by the wind, take root upon the limbs of trees. It derives no nutriment from the tree, but grows from the moisture and other nutritious material derived from the atmosphere. The cause of volcanic action is as mysterious as that of earthquakes. It has been long supposed that the interior of the earth was a vast ocean of melted matter, which forced itself up through crevices in the crust, causing the flow of lava. This theory, however, is now doubted by several leading scientists. Your handwriting is easily read, but has no other merit.

Sixteen asks: "May I take the liberty of asking you a few questions? I see every week answers to questions that are sent to you, and so I thought I would see if you would be so kind as to answer mine. The question I wish to ask is this: How to receive New Year's calls, and when to offer refreshments? Please do not laugh at the question, for I have had no experience, and there is no one here that I could or would ask. What do you think of my writing?" It is usual to receive New Year calls in full dress, to converse for a few moments, and then offer refreshments. The number of callers usually leaves but a short period of time for the entertainment of each visitor. Many families now restrict their refreshments to coffee or lemonade and cake, and the custom of offering wine is likely to go out of fashion. Your writing is fair.

Evelathen (Conestogo, Ontario, Canada,) writes: "Can you tell me the number of vegetable ivory button factories in the United States, and also where those factories are situated; i. e., in what cities or towns with name of State?" There are no statistics at our command in relation to this branch of industry. We can only request some of our readers to enlighten us on this point, either fully or partially.

Charlotta, (Bellefountaine, O.) writes: "You will greatly oblige a constant reader of the Post by answering the following questions: 1st. When a gentleman is paying his attentions to a lady, and makes an evening call, and remains later than the ladycares about entertaining company, how can she, without seeming impolite, make him aware of that fact? 2d. Is it proper for a lady to permit a gentleman, with whom she is intimately acquainted and has been keeping company with, to kiss her good-night?" We have known some ladies to give their gentlemen friends a musical hint that their company was no longer desirable by playing "Home, Sweet Home," or the "Home Quickstep." In case you have friends who are impervious to a delicate hint, like the above, you might try a stronger one, and if they are still obtuse, or wilfully insist upon staying late, we suppose you had better tell them plainly that your evening ends at a certain hour. This may be unpleasant, but it is often better to do an unpleasant thing than to suffer the more unpleasant result of silence. As to your last paragraph, we are positively incompetent to settle the question. If we should say, don't kiss, we fear you would not thank us and would go on kissing more sweetly than ever. If we were in the gentleman's place we know we should consider it perfectly proper; and even in the lady's place we fear we should think it the "pink of propriety."

Schoolboy, (Woodstock, Va.) writes: "I found in an old magazine, a few days ago, the following lines attributed to a minor poem of Virgil. Now I thought I had read all of Virgil, but I can neither recall the lines nor find them in my edition (Cooper's). Will you please locate them for me. They are as follows:

"'erat unica cnatos
Afra genus, tota patriam testante figura,
Torta comam, labruque tumens, et fusca colorem;
Pectore lata, jacens mammas, compressior alvo,
Cruribus exilis, spatiosa prodiga planta;
Continuis rimis calcaneo scissa regebant.'

"If Virgil's, they are remarkably descriptive of the negro now. This is for the correspondents' column. If you should have forgotten the lines since your school-days, perhaps some correspondent can tell me where to find them." We are sorry to say that we have forgotten the lines since our school-days, but print them with the hope that some correspondent may have a better memory, and may be kind enough to locate them for us.

Miracle, (San Augustine, Texas,) writes: "Will you please tell me if the o in Polonaise has the long sound or not? How do you pronounce De Stael? Will "On Silver Wings" be published in book form? Was the poet Goethe as handsome as the picture in the 'Lady's Friend' represents him? By answering the above questions you will greatly oblige a girl of twenty." The o has the long sound. Francesca De Stael, with the sound of a in far. We cannot say now whether it will be so published or not. Goethe is said to have been very handsome in his youth, probably quite as much so as the picture represents him.

Ignoramus, asks: "Will you please inform me through your correspondents' column, first, where I can procure a history of the crusades, and what is the best? 2nd. One of your correspondents requested you to republish Captain M. Read's story, 'The War Trail.' I second the request.—Will you? 3d. Why it is that the sun seems to rise and set in the north-east and north-west at this particular time of the year? And last, what do you think of my penmanship for sweet thirteen." Your penmanship is excellent for your age. 1st. Any bookseller can furnish you such a work, and inform you of the cost of the various editions. 2d. We are not able at present to answer this question. 3d. It will be difficult to explain the cause of this phenomenon in the space at our command, and in simple language. It is an appearance produced by the convexity of the earth's surface. What we call north is only relatively so. To look north in an astronomical sense we must look in a direction parallel to the earth's axis, and therefore passing through the north star. So our vertical line is not perpendicular to the earth's axis, but is in a plane passing through the centre of the earth. Hence, in our latitude, the vertical line has, astronomically, a northward set, and is in a plane which cuts the equatorial plane in a line at right angles to the earth's axis. It is in this line our astronomical east and west lies. But the sun in summer is in a plane north of the equatorial plane, hence when near the horizon it appears to be in the north of east or west. At noon it lies south of our northward tending vertical line. Only on the equator can we see it in its true relations to our position.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 24, 20, is a kind of wood.
My 16, 21, 9, signifies not many.
My 4, 11, 6, 14, 10, is a river in Africa.
My 22, 14, 2, 12, is an adjective meaning saucy, impertinent.
My 20, 8, 18, 10, 5, 24, 23, 15, was the surname of a distinguished officer who defeated the Indians in the year 1811.
My 12, 23, 7, 6, 25, 17, is a well-known garden vegetable.
My whole is now before you.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters will comprise a word,
The name of a country that you've heard;
And if to buy it you are able,
'Tis often seen upon your table.
The first four letters is part of your face,
The last one you will find in lace.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the home of an oyster,
My second is the dress of a tree;
Tell me truly what my whole is,
And I'll give it unto thee.

ANNA AMARANTH.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fish.
A quadruped.
Open surface.
To distribute.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

DOUBLE REBUS—Wilfer—Frazee.

W hi F
Illuminate
L aur A
F ran Z
E ri E
R y E

CHARADE—Robin Hood.

WORD SQUARES—

I.
PINE
IDEA
NEAR
EARL

II.
WAS
ADA
SAW

BURIED CITIES—1. Oswego. 2. Pisa. 3. Selma. 4. Madrid. 5. Toronto. 6. Moscow. 7. Cadiz.

RIDDLE—Ireland.

RECEIPTS.

A Vegetable Soup.—Take an onion, a turnip, two pared potatoes, a carrot, a head of celery, or two: boil them in three pints of water till the vegetables are cooked; add a little salt; have a slice of bread toasted and buttered, put into a bowl and pour soup over. When in season, tomatoes, or okra, or both, improve this.

Salt in Cooking Vegetables.—If one portion of a dish of vegetables be boiled in pure water, and the other in water to which a little salt has been added, the latter will be found better flavored and more tender; if potatoes, they will be mealier. Onions are especially improved by being cooked in salt water. Their rankness of odor and flavor is mitigated, or modified into a peculiar sweetness and aroma. The salt appears to hinder the evaporation of the more volatile principles of the vegetables.

Potato Dumplings are made thus: Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions, and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

Green Grape Preserve.—To 7 lb. of grapes add ½ lb. of sugar no water but what hangs about them after they have been washed. Put the grapes into a preserving pan, then a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning, and as the grape-stones rise take them out with a spoon, so that by the time the fruit is sufficiently boiled, the stones will have all boiled up and been taken out.

Sour Spiced Peaches.—Take hard peaches, of good flavor; wash them in hot water and rub the skins with a harsh towel to remove the roughness; stick into each peach three cloves, and pour over the fruit strong vinegar scalding hot, seasoned with cinnamon, ginger, mustard, mace and nutmeg; do this three times; then take fresh vinegar, season as above, slightly; heat it and pour over the fruit, which must be kept under the vinegar, and corked tight; examine them often, as the vinegar may become lifeless, and spoil the fruit.

To Remove White Spots from Furniture.—Rub the spots with pulverized pumice-stone wet with water, and then with buckskin moistened with sweet oil; or, put a piece of paper on the spot, and hold a warm iron over it and rub with an oiled cloth.

Cleaning Silver.—Boil together ashes and water sufficient to cover the ware, putting in promiscuously forks, spoons, castor, etc. Let it boil for one hour, and your silver will have a new look. The lye cleans the accumulated dirt around the crevices. Wipe off with a soft cloth.

☞ A wealthy London cockney has been convicted of manslaughter for slow but systematic starvation of his wife, extending over a period of several years.